THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1890.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

MR. GLADSTONE closed his Midlothian campaign on Monday. At Dalkeith on Saturday he dealt with Home Rule and Disestablishment for Scotland, pointing out that at present the Scotch members are outvoted on Scotch questions in the House of Commons, and that a well-considered demand for the control of local business would receive respectful attention at Westminster. MR. GLADSTONE recalled LORD HARTINGTON'S axiom that if the Scots desired Disestablishment they would get it, and showed that the establishment of one of three Presbyterian Churches, identical in doctrine and forms of worship, rested on no permanent principle. MR. STANHOPE has since argued that the existence of the Establishment in England is bound up with that of the State Church in Scotland, a proposition which discreet members of the Church Defence Association will prefer to ignore.

IN Edinburgh on Monday, MR. GLADSTONE reviewed his Home Rule scheme in relation to the Irish representation at Westminster. Admitting, as he has repeatedly done, that, in deference to public opinion, the Irish members must be retained, he declined to present his opponents with a specific plan to be worried before the General Election. This has excited the virtuous indignation of the Unionists, who not only do not demand the details of MR. BALFOUR'S Local Government Bill for Ireland, but (as MR. FREDERICK GREENWOOD admits, in the *Fortnightly Review*) have not the smallest desire to see any such Bill. To the complete success of MR. GLADSTONE'S visit to Scotland there is ample testimony both from friends and foes. The most remarkable witness is the Edinburgh correspondent of the *Times*, whose description of the effect of MR. GLADSTONE'S oratory seems to have excited a good deal of bile at Inverary and in Printing-house Square. MR. GLADSTONE has not merely gratified his constituents: he has consolidated his party throughout the country; and the hopes of his opponents, who trust more to dissensions in the Opposition than to the wisdom of the Ministry, have been cruelly blighted.

ON Wednesday MR. GLADSTONE received the freedom of Dundee, and criticised the McKinley Act, which, he said, was so unintelligible that the American Universities ought to appoint a professor to elucidate it. In spite of Protection our trade with the United States had steadily increased, and though the new tariff imposed prohibitive duties on the common grades of goods, the relatively small imposts on the higher grades would enable British manufacturers still to compete in the markets of the Union. As for the proposed Imperial Zollverein, MR. GLADSTONE deprecated any scheme framed with the object of cultivating the Colonial trade, which is worth 187 millions to us, at the expense of our foreign commerce, which is worth 554 millions. This speech has given satisfaction to all parties except that which is composed of MR. HOWARD VINCENT, who ought to study the opinion of the New York importers on the McKinley Act.

MR. BALFOUR has astonished his friends by making a tour in the West of Ireland, accompanied by MISS BALFOUR, SIR WEST RIDGEWAY, and MR. GEORGE WYNDHAM, but without an escort. The Chief Secretary has examined potatoes, and listened to parish priests and local guardians. MR. WYNDHAM has photographed "SCRAB" NALLY. These observations have convinced MR. BALFOUR that the coming distress in the congested districts is very serious, but he has assured the people everywhere that the light railways will be begun in time to provide them with employment. There is no doubt that much is expected from these railways, and this is why MR. BALFOUR has been received with interest and even with eagerness. It seems to surprise Tories that the Chief Secretary has not been assailed or insulted. The Irish are not savages, but the most courteous people in the world. Besides, MR. BALFOUR, profiting rather tardily by the severe lesson he has received from MR. MORLEY, is beginning to learn that it is more businesslike for a Chief Secretary to travel in Mayo on the eve of a potato famine, than to date his letters where he pleases.

UNQUESTIONABLY it would have pleased MR. BALFOUR'S supporters better if he had shown his indifference to MR. MORLEY'S criticism by shutting himself up in Dublin Castle. One of them suggests that he is running the risk of assassination, which would be welcome to the Irish party because it would stimulate subscriptions from America. That is the kind of lie on which it is needless to comment; but it is quite as valuable as the opinion that the Connemara peasants have taken MR. BALFOUR to their hearts, or that, as a writer in *Blackwood* asserts, "every schoolhouse in Ireland is a deadly enemy of the priest and the agitator, and an ally of law and order." Perhaps MR. BALFOUR will address deputations of schoolboys who will assure him that the Coercion Act is their chief joy, and who will then be photographed by MR. WYNDHAM.

M. TRICOUPIS has been overthrown by the popular vote, and M. DELYANNIS seems likely to have another spell of power. There is much uneasiness in the European Cabinets at this prospect, for they remember the trouble M. DELYANNIS gave them a few years ago. M. TRICOUPIS kept his countrymen under control, and prepared their material resources, especially the Greek navy, for a struggle with Turkey. M. DELYANNIS is credited with a desire to precipitate the conflict. This may be staved off, but the Powers cannot flatter themselves that Greece will be held in check for an indefinite period. On the other hand, the position of Greece at the present juncture does not warrant any immediate enterprise, and M. DELYANNIS, even if he has a free hand at home, may not be disposed to make a forward movement.

THE painful dispute on the question of MAJOR BARTTELOT'S death between that gentleman's brother and MR. STANLEY, has assumed rather grave proportions during the week. It is impossible for outsiders to enter into its merits at this moment, seeing that MR. STANLEY declines for the present to state his side of the case. In taking this course he is well within his rights. But when he determined to be silent until all the other witnesses who could bear testimony in the matter had spoken, he ought

to have been silent altogether. Whatever may have been the fault of MAJOR BARTTELOT, it is distinctly unfair on the part of MR. STANLEY to make any insinuations against him like those contained in the account of his interview with the representative of the *New York Herald*. Such insinuations are far more injurious than a plain statement of the facts would be, for they tend to raise a vague prejudice against the dead officer in the public mind. We trust MR. STANLEY, having said so much, will now tell us straight out what he means.

THE migration of labour from the country to London was dealt with in an interesting paper read by MR. H. LLEWELLIN SMITH at the Political Economy Circle of the National Liberal Club on Wednesday evening. MR. SMITH—who has studied the question by direct observation, and contributed a chapter on a kindred subject to MR. CHARLES BOOTH'S well-known book—showed clearly that the immigration has not the casual and unorganised character ascribed to it by some popular writers. The country labourer usually comes not because he has a vague idea that something will turn up in London, but because he has friends who will find him a place. He gets a place because his work is better; a great contractor has estimated that country labour is worth half as much again as that of born Londoners—and these latter, deteriorating in physique and ability, are driven into the lower strata of casual unskilled employment. Thus, while in the police and some of the higher unskilled branches some 70 per cent. are country-bred, the casual dock labourers of former years contained at least that proportion of Londoners. It is Londoners, too, who form the great mass of the unemployed, and who crowd the poorest districts—the highest proportion being precisely in that district of Bethnal Green now marked for clearance by the County Council.

MR. SMITH touched also on the immigration of foreign Jews. Their competition with English labour, it seems, is mainly indirect. Certain trades—the clothing trade, for example—are so organised that special departments of them fall into the hands of the foreigner, and so subdivided that a place can be found for any newcomer, however unskilled and ignorant. These form non-competing groups into which English labour does not pass. These groups, however, constantly change their *personnel* as the foreigner improves his position and raises his standard of comfort, and are kept up mainly by the supply of fresh labour from abroad. Recently, however, this has considerably decreased.

MR. CONYBEARE'S appeal from the judgment which deprived him of his seat on the London School Board because he had been imprisoned under the Coercion Act, has been decided against him. He committed an offence at common law, says MR. JUSTICE DAY, and common law in England is the same as in Ireland. But MR. CONYBEARE was not tried by a jury, which alone can decide cases under the common law in this country. That difference has a good deal of moral weight, though it does not appear to have occurred to MR. JUSTICE DAY. It shows that juries are necessary, if only to save a public man from technical liabilities which were never contemplated by any reasonable person.

WE comment elsewhere on the double murder which was committed in Kentish Town a week ago yesterday. At present the motive of the extraordinary crime is a mystery, and although a coroner's jury have returned a verdict against a woman who is in custody on suspicion, we need scarcely say that no one at present has any right to assume that the murderer has been discovered. What is known is that a respectable married woman and her infant child were deliberately killed, under circumstances of exceptional brutality, in a house in a quiet street in the middle of London on the Friday afternoon of last week. Some of the circumstances attending the crime are of a peculiar character, and the mystery is just one of those in elucidating which the brain of GABORIAU would be most active. We have no GABORIAU in England, however, and our police force seem still to depend upon good luck rather than scientific deduction for success in the work of detecting crime. In the present case it was a relative of the murdered woman who directed their attention to the person who is suspected of being the murderess.

THE Stock Exchange Settlement this week passed over more smoothly than was generally expected. There were no failures while it continued, but late on Wednesday evening the cheques of three or four members were returned, and the next morning one of those was declared a defaulter. But though the settlement showed that the accounts open for the rise had been greatly reduced, though money was cheap, and less difficulties were disclosed than most people apprehended, prices have again fallen very heavily and generally. The American market has once more suffered more than any other, and wild rumours which had ceased for a time are again being circulated. In most cases the rumours are grossly exaggerated, and in some are totally unfounded. But the City has been thoroughly alarmed by the occurrences of the past few weeks, and credulously swallows almost any report. No doubt every fall in price makes the situation more dangerous. It increases the differences which speculators are called upon to pay, and it causes margins to run off. Therefore people fear that even wealthy operators may be unable to meet their obligations. For months now they have been losing heavily, and fresh losses may ruin some of them. Besides, the New York market seems to be as disorganised as our own, and the state of trade at home is far from satisfactory—especially, the labour disputes are inspiring grave fears, and of course the McKinley Act is disorganising trade with the United States.

THE Directors of the Bank of England on Thursday made no change in their rate of discount. Just now the foreign demand for gold has fallen off, and there is some hope that the metal may be received. On the other hand, the drain in Scotland is going on, and is reducing seriously the Bank's reserve. Nevertheless, in the outside market rates are easier. At the fortnightly settlement which began on Monday, the banks charged Stock Exchange borrowers only 5 per cent., and the carrying-over rates within the Exchange were generally much lighter than at the preceding settlement. On American railroad securities, in which there has been so heavy a fall, and which are therefore discredited, rates were about 7 per cent., but in other departments they were generally lower even than 5 per cent. All this points to a great reduction in the accounts open for the rise. The rate of discounts in the open market has fallen to $4\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., and discount brokers have been able to borrow during the week at from 3 to 4 per cent. In spite of the apparent ease, however, there is much uncertainty; and the best observers fear that before very long the Bank rate will have to be raised to 6 per cent. The Silver market continues weak. On Wednesday, indeed, the price jumped suddenly to $49\frac{1}{8}$d. per ounce, chiefly on Indian buying, but there was a fall on the next day. In the United States there is a large stock of the metal held by speculators, and many of those are obliged to sell at any price they can get. Besides, the Silver Act has encouraged many owners to open mines that had been disused, and production therefore is largely increasing.

THE LAND PURCHASE BILL OF NEXT SESSION.

NEXT Session a Land Purchase Bill will be introduced again. By many the question is already asked, What will be the duty of the Opposition in regard to it? Mr. Balfour may be assured that there will be no abatement of the objection to any measure which separates two matters, in their nature properly inseparable—the Land Question and the Government of Ireland. They cannot be divided. For a time one may be prominent; then the other may come to the front. Though not always equally visible, they always co-exist. Innumerable attempts to separate them have been made, and always disastrously. A Land Purchase Bill without Home Rule as a preliminary—a Land Bill which does not entrust to an Irish Parliament the settlement of matters pre-eminently local—must be imperfect. Should Mr. Balfour merely place before Parliament a Bill exactly the same as that of last session, the duty of the Opposition, notwithstanding their desire to facilitate the transformation of occupiers into owners, will be to stubbornly resist it. There is no ground for changing the opinion that the Bill would operate only for the benefit of a fraction of the tenants, and those not tenants most deserving help, and there is no assurance that the £33,000,000 to be advanced would not be wasted. For the present, however, we cannot have the latter, and it is, in the view of the more diverse politicians, supremely desirable that the Land Question should no longer stand over. But if Mr. Balfour will recast in several respects his measure—we cannot say that his speeches, at Newcastle and elsewhere, make us very hopeful—it will be probably received by the Opposition in no irreconcilable spirit; he need be apprehensive only as to some of his friends. We put a plain question to him: Will Mr. Balfour so re-model his Bill that the administration of the measure will to a large extent be placed in the hands of genuinely representative bodies? Naturally, a measure of Local Government ought to come first; on the County Councils should devolve the duty of saying whether the Land Act should come into operation in their jurisdictions, and of moulding the terms of the contracts between landlords and tenants. If this natural order of things is not to be followed, will he say that a genuine local authority—such a body as might number among its members honest and ardent Home Rulers—should be entrusted in the main with the working of the scheme? Last session his answer was "No"; the country was not to be trusted; it was not in a "normal condition"—it differed from the Government, and that was enough. If this session he is still of the same mind—if he persistently refuses to Irish opinion in any form a voice in regard to the settlement of the most important of Irish affairs—most Liberals will know what to do. The Bill is bad; it sails under false colours; its papers are forged, and it is a piratical craft to be attacked. Of growing wisdom in the latest utterances of Mr. Balfour on the subject there is not much sign; and it is worthy of note that some of his supporters are now writing to the newspapers, warning him to withdraw all pledges given or hopes held out, to have nothing to do with the establishment of local self-government "in this wretched country," as one of the writers describes it, and telling him that the game of the Loyalists is up if he yields. If the Irish Secretary, better advised, consents to make some substantial changes in the Bill, its prospects will be materially improved; it will not be foredoomed from its birth to failure.

Mr. Courtney, in his speech to his constituents at Torpoint, appeals to all parties, the Government and the Opposition alike, to approach the new measure "impressed with the necessity of dealing with the Land Question, and to make an honest co-operation on the part of all to turn that Bill into a settlement of the Land Question." The Opposition are not likely to be insensible to such appeals if the Government are disposed to reconsider the all-important point of the relation of the scheme to local authorities.

In the controversy which has been going on in the *North American Review* between Mr. Parnell, Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Morley, the Irish Secretary has not made a whit better the case for his Bill of last session than he made it in Parliament. He has shown his invincible propensity to be satisfied with verbal victories, and scoring neat trifling points without meeting his adversaries' real objections. He is to supersede dual ownership by peasant proprietors, and for this laudable purpose £33,000,000 are to be advanced—with the probability that, if the work is to be carried out in its fulness, we may have to advance four times as much. On this scheme, with its gigantic liabilities, we are asked to embark, with no assurance that the old evils will not quickly reappear, and with "securities" against repudiation, which will not, in Ireland, governed as it is, be long worth the paper on which they are written. "What," pertinently asks Mr. Morley, replying in the current number of the *North American Review* to Mr. Balfour's criticisms on Mr. Parnell's article on the same subject, "What is to prevent the man to-day sitting at a fair rent, and to-morrow made into the owner by means of an advance from the State on payment of an annuity twenty-five or thirty per cent. below the fair rent, from proceeding the day after to-morrow to let his land to somebody else at the fair rent of to-day, and putting the twenty-five or thirty per cent. difference into his own pocket, which will be the old landlord pocket again? Is not this a certainty? I know that there will be a clause against sub-letting. Who believes that the clause will be worth a farthing unless the vigilant and organised public opinion of the country is on the side of such a clause?" Mr. Balfour has not answered these objections, and they are unanswerable. No machinery can be devised to prevent the growth of the old familiar evils of dual ownership, unless there exists in Ireland a really representative body strong enough to enforce the law, and certain that public opinion will be on its side. The chief merit of the scheme of 1886 was its recognition of this central truth. Nor has Mr. Balfour removed the apprehensions of those who do not hold his opinions as to the natural depravity of Irishmen, and their division into "rebels or criminals," but are not so hopeful as he about their acquiescing in burdens which have been put without their consent on their shoulders. The elaborate nature of the provisions concealed from no careful reader of the Bill two probable contingencies in the near future in the event of a fall of prices—the Irish tenant unwilling to pay and the British Exchequer unable to exact instalments. "Nothing but a national executive, supported by national opinion and sentiment," says Mr. Morley, justly, "will feel itself strong enough to proceed to vigorous measures in enforcing its claims; and it is because he refuses to contemplate any but an anti-national executive that Mr. Balfour is obliged to leave all these loopholes for evading an unpopular and dangerous duty, and to conceal them by the euphuism of introducing *elasticity* into the relations between the borrowing purchaser and the lending Exchequer." And so the dreary round of alternate harshness and over-indulgence, insulting dis-

trust and weak over-confidence, will go on, to the ruin of the tenant and the loss of the British Exchequer.

These are grave matters; and the English taxpayer will expect to learn that there are much better "securities" against repudiation of liabilities than the gossamer threads produced last session. The question of price must be viewed in a very different light from that in which he then regarded it; there must be "fining down" to an extent which his friends have never realised if the machinery is not to break down on a first strain. These are matters of great consequence. There will, however, be one sign by which we shall be able to tell whether the new Bill is delusive, and to be resisted, notwithstanding the desirability of dealing with the Land Question—does it commit to local authorities substantial powers in regard to the administration of the measure? If not, the course of Liberals in Parliament will be plain.

WHAT TARIFF RETALIATION MEANS.

NO speech more hopeful or more helpful on the question of the new American tariff has been heard than Mr. Gladstone's at Dundee on Wednesday. Once more the air resounds with the word Retaliation, once more political orators who have somehow or other obtained a reputation of understanding, or at least of reading, economic literature, come forward to point out the one course which it behoves an intelligent and honourable nation to pursue. And yet, as may be learned from Mr. Gladstone's speech, there is no question which has been more adequately discussed than the practicability of a retaliatory war with America. Were it not for their own assurances to the contrary, the cynical observer might be tempted to believe that their knowledge of the subject is not so profound after all. But this supposition must be scouted. We have their own assurances of their knowledge, and who could demand a more expressive testimonial? And yet another interpretation of the position of these apostles of retaliation must be mentioned if only to be put at rest. The cynical observer, for we will admit him in evidence once again, might suggest that they, although acquainted with such a treatment of the question as that given by the late Professor Fawcett in his book on Free Trade, know full well that their audience is more ignorant than themselves. Such a knowledge would of course enable them to speak more freely and more frankly than would be the case if they thought their auditors likely to be on terms of equality with their more fortunate selves. But though this is the case we should hardly like to assert that even a Fair Trade orator could plume himself on any advantage over the people he addresses. No: sooner than do that we will give up the problem of their mental position as insoluble, and content ourselves with the humble task of discussing the question which they decide with a few glib phrases and a few loud long words.

Retaliation sounds very well by itself, but what does it mean when applied to the question at issue? It can hardly be seriously suggested, we should think, that England should enter on a long tariff war for the sole purpose of punishing the naughty Americans for increasing their duties on several articles of import, without thought of her own advantage. Our commercial policy, at least, is rarely entered upon with the desire of acting the part of a self-assumed Providence, and to do ourselves justice we seldom attempt to cloak it under any such pretext. If we retaliate, then, we retaliate admittedly in pursuit of our own advantage. But in saying that we touch the very heart of the question at issue, Are we likely to gain anything by our retaliation? That of course depends on the extent to which America will be affected by our action. Undertaken with such an aim, and with a chance of success which amounts to something more than a mere possibility, retaliation seems reasonable enough. It is not the petulant act of a child who belabours, to the detriment of his own hands, a chair or table against which he has stumbled, or which in his own view has stumbled against him. But this seems to be the attitude adopted by those who speak of retaliation at the present moment, for hitherto, at least, they have refused to measure our power of causing discomfort to America. A momentary glance at our imports from that country should be sufficient to show us this. If we take them at a total value of £83,000,000, the odd three million covers those which do not partake of the character of food or raw or partially unmanufactured material. To affect the policy of the United States by putting a duty on the importation of goods valued at so small a sum in the hope of inflicting any injury is puerile beyond description. But in very truth, it is no less puerile to contemplate the imposition of duties on all the imports. Putting aside the difficult questions which would arise as to differentiation between goods from the United States and from other countries, including our own colonies —which, by-the-bye, have shown little recent desire to mitigate the duties which they levy on the goods we send them—our power of under-selling in neutral markets would be terribly lessened by measures, of which one would increase the cost of living to all, and the other the price of raw material to the manufacturers. Take wheat, both grain and flour; while our total import is valued at £31,000,000, we are dependent on the United States for a value of £20,000,000. The case with regard to raw cotton is quite as striking. But let us suppose that our capacity of endurance is sufficiently Spartan to endure the strain which would thus be put upon it, should we effect anything? What would crown our patience? In all probability, failure, we must reply. We should injure individuals, of course, because the exports to England would decrease, but so far as the whole country is concerned, the injury would be comparatively small; for the United States are not dependent, as England is, upon a foreign trade. No doubt, there would be a considerable readjustment of her industries. The labour released from agriculture would probably fly to the production of manufactures for home use; but as such a transference has been the avowed policy of much tariff legislation, we should hardly be able to congratulate ourselves on having wrought the disaster which the Retaliationists seem to expect. They picture the United States crouching in supplication at our feet as the result of their ill-conceived schemes; whereas, in reality, the country they intend to chastise for its policy of isolation would grow more purely self-dependent than before. And in the long run the American farmer would be as well off as to-day. Such a result to them would hardly be worth the trouble to us. We have heard before of economic legislation on behalf of the industries of the country itself, but this is an instance of legislation on behalf of the industries of another country. We really ought to be sure that the new Fair Traders, Protectionists, Retaliationists, or whatever they may be called, have no intention of starting new factories in America. At any rate we ought to have some assurance of the probability of success attending a policy such as that proposed.

THE PICTURESQUE SIDE OF "DIZZY."

MR. FROUDE says truly enough in his interesting book about Lord Beaconsfield that the great Tory leader of the century has left no enduring monument. The statute-book records no memorial of his fame. The democracy cherishes no pride in his deeds. The aristocracy, if it condescends to think of him, remembers that he led it by the nose. There is, indeed, a ceremony on the 19th of April, when the statue in Parliament Square is decorated with primrose wreaths; but this superstition represents no political principle. The Primrose League itself has nothing characteristic of Dizzy save his love of incongruous ornament; it does not even make any pretence to perpetuate any doctrine with which he is specially associated. The ideals he set up in his closing years are forgotten. Where is the Patriotic Association now, and what do its old members think of Dizzy's successor, who, instead of rejecting Berlin Memorandums, meekly plays the part of a German henchman? All the prestige of "a spirited foreign policy," of the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire, of the rest of the phrases with which Dizzy gulled his party, is gone, and instead of a chief who talked of Imperial India, and who made believe to fling the sword of Brennus into the scales of European policy, we have a cold and cautious Minister, who makes Conventions with Germany which sacrifice British interests and mortify British pride. Nothing is left of Dizzy but the primroses which he loved in a salad, and this heritage is a satirical tribute to the picturesqueness of the man. If his affection for the primrose as a flower was more than dubious, he had a sincere admiration for the peacocks at Hughenden, and the only wonder is that we are not enriched with a Peacock League, and that on the festal day in April the statue in Parliament Square is not ablaze with the feathers of that unassuming bird. It must be admitted, then, that if Dizzy left no principles, he left picturesque associations. In his lifetime he ruled by a phrase; now he is dead he is commemorated by a flower. The consummate actor to whom simplicity was unknown is celebrated by the primrose, which is simplicity itself. The incongruity is at once a proof of Dizzy's hold on the public imagination, and a symbol of the emptiness of his fame. None of his lieutenants can hope to have this peculiar claim to popular regard. Nobody will wear flowers for Lord Salisbury, or festoon the statue of Mr. W. H. Smith. It never occurred to anyone that the anniversary of Palmerston's death would be fitly celebrated if every patriot went about with a straw in his mouth. Peel left no legacy of the picturesque, and we may be quite certain that, when Mr. Gladstone is taken from us, his party will not proclaim his services to the country with an annual floral figment.

It would be unfair, however, to suggest that the historical picturesqueness of Dizzy depends wholly on such flimsy observances. He appealed to an element in the public mind which had lain dormant since the days of Chatham. The elder Pitt was a great actor, too, and he knew how to turn even the gout to dramatic account, when it was politic to utilise his infirmities in a skilful tableau. Dizzy had this faculty, and though the English detest what they call "theatrical" art in politics and religion, they fall as easily under the sway of a skilled performer as nations with a livelier fancy. The politician who warns his detractors that "a time will come," and who makes it come, appeals as strongly to the popular imagination as the hero in the play who conquers incredible difficulties. The peroration of Dizzy's maiden speech in the House of Commons had an enormous influence on his after life. "The time will come when you *will* hear me." Who ever tired of telling this story to succeeding generations, when the man who made the prediction was master of the assembly that had howled him down? Pluck, too, counts for much in English esteem, and this quality Dizzy never lacked. He was the gladiator of his time. Britons admired him much as they admired Tom Sayers. Tom contrived to surround himself with a halo of the picturesque, and men who remember his Homeric combat with the Benicia Boy still feel their pulses quicken when they think of the broken arm. It is odd that Tom has no statue to be draped with evergreens on the anniversary of his glorious struggle. Dizzy was a hard hitter, and his partisans were beside themselves with joy when he drew blood. He made even English country gentlemen understand satire, and he gave their ancestral love of "a mill" an artistic quality which turned the brutal punishment of an opponent into an intellectual feast. They cared little about his novels, even in the Young England days. The hazy enthusiasm of "Sybil" touched them as little as the cold artifices of "Venetia." But they knew that this was the man who made their passions and prejudices articulate. They saw the hated foe transfixed by the epigram, and they learned to understand and relish the Disraelian wit because it was such a superlative weapon. They hung portraits of Dizzy in their halls along with antlers and similar trophies, just as the young bloods used to hang pictures of bruisers and cock-fights. There never was a politician who appealed so strongly as Dizzy to that love of combat which is still strong in the English race, despite peace societies and international ethics. Mr. Froude says that Disraeli never cherished a personal affront. How inaccurate that is may be judged from the fact that nearly fifty years after "Codlingsby," that most biting of burlesques, Dizzy drew a venomous caricature of Thackeray in "Endymion."

But if the Englishman loves battle, he also loves mystery. He likes to be persuaded that his idol is unfathomably deep. Mr. Tenniel never drew a more successful picture than the famous cartoon in which Dizzy in Egypt exchanged winks with the Sphinx, who resembled him like a twin. Subsequent events have shown that Mr. Gladstone was right about the Suez Canal shares, and that Dizzy's great *coup* was useless; but how picturesque it was! Who did not think of the despised Jew avenging his race by asserting sovereignty over the land of the Pharaohs? Who could not quote something from "Tancred" that seemed like a forecast of this stroke? How the whole transaction suggested some mystic combination of "the wondrous boy who wrote Alroy" and Sidonia, the ubiquitous capitalist! Dizzy might be called the Asian Mystery in derision, but the reputation had its value. It was a political force while it lasted. It may be said that nothing is so antagonistic to the English character as Oriental guile; but Dizzy was quite honest in his effort to throw an Eastern glamour over the Empire. In his imagination, Imperial greatness assumed a grandiose form, which was the faithful reflex of his mind. He saw the Queen on the throne of Aurungzebe more distinctly than he saw her transacting official formalities at Windsor. The title of Empress was not altogether an appeal to the love of vulgar splendour, like the ropes of pearls in "Lothair." He believed that the British power in India would be strengthened by a name which recalled a glorious tradition, and he hoped, perhaps, that even in sober England the personal authority of the monarch would be enhanced by a commanding symbol. This faith in the virtue of words

sustained him all his life. It exercised a magical influence over others, though they were not always endowed with so much sentiment as the old lady who met Dizzy by a fountain, and gave him a thousand pounds. By picturesque arts he formed and led a great party, and though he landed them in disaster when the mysteries resolved themselves into secret agreements with enemies who were threatened by the British fleet, and needless wars for scientific frontiers, he retained to the end the personal charm of the magician even when his wand was broken. He never expounded a great political truth, except perhaps the famous dictum about Irish revolution, on which he did not act; but he will always remain one of the most fascinating figures in the history of political adventure.

THE PORTUGUESE CRISIS—AND AFTER?

THE difficulties of the Portuguese Government in regard to the Convention with England must remind Lord Salisbury of his own *fiasco* in the matter of the Sugar Convention. When the Portuguese Ministry were giving away territory, in blocks measured by thousands of square miles, which every Lisbon school-boy had regarded for generations as part and parcel of the Lusitanian heritage, his lordship was no doubt filled with sensations of bewildered and amused gratification, similar to those experienced by the German Plenipotentiaries at the Sugar Conference, when Lord Salisbury, speaking through his *alter ego*, the Baron de Worms, was gaily pledging this country and her colonies to deal in sugar with none save the Magdeburg refiners.

Like the German Plenipotentiaries, Lord Salisbury was perhaps conscious of a sobering suspicion that a hitch must arise some time and somewhere. In each case, the hitch has been of precisely the same character. The Government which gave itself away dared not invite its Parliament to ratify what it has promised. Matters at Lisbon seem quiet for the moment, and we think we see reason to assume that Lord Salisbury will not force a crisis. His lordship, like the rest of us, is two men inhabiting one body. For the moment, the sober, pacific, clear-sighted, but always sincerely patriotic Lord Salisbury, happens to be in the ascendent; the other rash, blustering, phrase-making, aggravating nobleman being away in an honourable banishment. The better Lord Salisbury has woke up, perhaps a little late, to the manifold and far-reaching dangers involved in imperilling the position of the Portuguese Royal Family at Lisbon. Unless his hand is forced from home or from South Africa, he will henceforth probably play into the hands of the Portuguese Ministers, spinning out the *pourparlers* for a *modus vivendi*, until the course of events shall provide some practical solution of the embarrassment. We fear, however, that he may not be left with a free hand. Even if he is proof against the truculent incitements of certain sections of the press, there is Mr. Rhodes to be reckoned with. Mr. Rhodes cannot be credited with any tenderness for the Portuguese dynasty, nor indeed for the monarchical principle itself, except as incarnated in a future South African dynasty of Rhodes. He has made no secret of the detestation which he feels for the Convention, nor of his wish that it should fail. Having no desire for the success of any supplementary negotiations, the impatience of his nature will urge him to push on in various directions through his agents; but these agents will find themselves checked at every turn by native forces deriving their inspiration from Portuguese officials; for it is the fact—although not recognised by Mr. Rhodes, nor by the English public—that, on the spot, the Government of Portugal is far more real than that of England. Travellers, who know that the Portuguese are white (or rather yellow), have over and over again declared that Portuguese power is non-existent in the Zambesi region, simply because they have failed to come across any yellow man. But on the Zambesi and Mozambique littoral, Portugal is simply a negro power, and a negro power of a high class. Throughout the debatable land, she owns sway over many feudatory chiefs, with Catholic names and often with some strain of Portuguese blood (although too faint for the casual traveller to discern), each such chief commanding some thousands of partially armed followers, and all grimly determined to keep the English power from intruding within their borders. When the Selouses and Colquhouns of Mr. Rhodes's force, are repelled by these feudatories, it is to Lord Salisbury and the Channel Fleet that Mr. Rhodes will appeal for redress, and such redress can take no other shape than that of a counter-blow directed against Oporto, Lisbon, or Madeira. Operations on the spot are out of the question, and would be nugatory. It is difficult to see how Lord Salisbury can wholly repel such an appeal. But if driven into action, however complete may be his immediate success, the very contingency which he most desires to avoid must inevitably follow. The Portuguese will tell their Coburg King and his Orleans Queen to take train for Paris. That is all. But they know, as well as Lord Salisbury himself, how grave will be the consequences of such a *dénouement* for his lordship and the policy to which his soul is dedicated. The proclamation of a Republic in Lisbon will be the signal for action on the part of the representatives of Univeral Suffrage in Madrid. The Austrian-Archduchess and her little boy (if the latter is then still alive) will be intrained for Vienna; and then there will be one great Iberian Republic, resting on a federal basis, and having for its watchword enmity to England, the annihilation of English commerce with the Peninsula, and the expulsion of the English garrison from Gibraltar. We do not imagine that the Republic will declare war on us. It will simply denounce its commercial treaty with us, and boycott our garrison, confining them rigidly to the insalubrious Rock, and cutting off the supply of fresh meat and vegetables, until (as they hope), in very pity for the misery of our men, we withdraw them from the Rock of our own accord.

The Republican flame, once set alight in the Peninsula, will not be stopped by the Pyrenees. France is already converted; but passing across France, it will find fresh fuel in the Low Countries. The intense and pervading industrialism of Belgium reproduces before our eyes all the horrors of Zola, when dealing with the martyrdom of the worker. Its system has never been humanised by any such palliatives as our Factory Acts or Mines Regulation Acts; and the corroding misery of the population is inflamed almost to the level of lunacy by a drink traffic more rampant, more widespread, and more poisonous than in any other country of the world—not excepting the manufacturing districts of the United States. Nor is this mass of maddened humanity without adequate friends, counsellors, and leaders among the educated and organising classes. The Liberals, who long looked askance at the aims of the proletariat, have at length made up their minds that at any sacrifice they must purchase the force necessary to crush the life out of Clericalism. When the allied forces of Belgian Liberalism and Democracy put forth their strength against Clericalism, the throne of King Leopold can hardly

stand, for the monarchy has become identified with Clericalism in the eyes of the people. Whether the conflagration, lit by our shells at Lisbon, would extend to Holland, is a matter more difficult to judge. Holland is essentially the country of the *rentier*. The Social Democracy, under Domela Niewenhuis of the Hague, is vigorous enough in its aims to satisfy the most advanced, and Republicanism is inscribed on its banners. But that very fact rather makes for the stability of the Dutch Regency. And yet, leaving Holland out of the reckoning, what a notable achievement we have here as the work of the most Royalist and most Conservative of European politicians! A solid wall of Republicanism built across Western Europe, barring communication between him and his friends of the Triple Alliance—immeasurable encouragement afforded to the Socialists of Germany—the throne of the Hapsburgs fatally undermined, the Eastern question inevitably reopened—and what was it all begun for? Simply, to seat a Mr. Something Smith as Unionist Member for the Partick Division of Lanarkshire.

SENSATION AND CRIME.

AT the end of last week there was discovered in Hampstead another of those horrible and mysterious crimes, accompanied by every element of sensation, which have of late too frequently occurred in London. A young married woman of thirty, living respectably, and to all appearance happily, with her husband in Kentish Town, left home on Friday afternoon, taking with her in a perambulator her child, a little girl of a year old. That night her dead body was discovered, terribly disfigured, in South Hampstead. The empty perambulator was found standing in another spot a mile off; and subsequently the little child was found, also dead, elsewhere. Into the motive or history of the crime, and into the accusations levelled, we need not enter. It is enough to say that the sombre nature of the tragedy is in no way lessened by the particulars of the story which have so far been disclosed.

The occurrence of a murder like this one in Hampstead, or like those which alarmed and horrified East London a short time ago, leads one to wonder what is the state of mind, and what are the circumstances, which prompt and render possible their commission? A murder, the motive of which is to be found in direct gain to the murderer, or in the satisfaction of some personal jealousy or passion, is easily explained. It is possible, of course, that this crime falls within that category and may prove capable of explanation on those grounds. But it is the murder for which no personal motive is forthcoming, the class of crimes to which apparently the shocking episodes in Whitechapel belonged, which really rouses speculation and dismay. Is their occurrence due to the fact, that those who commit them have grown so sated by the many sensations of an age which cultivates sensationalism, as to have lost in some degree the sense of fear and horror? Or are they due to the fact, that those who commit them have no sensation in their life, and are driven by the craving for it into creating it for themselves? It is quite possible that both causes may produce the same result. To live in an age of perpetual sensations, surrounded by dramatic episodes and startling crimes, has before now produced a polished indifference to iniquity, and an inclination to view things horrible with unconcern, which prove, when the occasion offers, very capable of crime. In the Italy of the Renaissance, crime was a fine art. And in the same way, though for totally different reasons, to live, as many of that very poor class which feeds and replenishes the ranks of criminals do live, a life of tedious apathy to all the stimulating conditions of existence, produces a "deathful callousness which, in extremity, becomes capable of every sort of crime, without fear, without pleasure, without horror, and without pity." In ordinary circumstances, and in most modern communities, where people are not *blasé* with sensation, it is from the latter class that most great criminals come, and it is owing to the lack of sensation, not to the abundance of it, that most great crimes are committed. It is this class which, having no imagination, no vivid feeling, no power of thought, needs sensation to take their place. And in this class, the absence of sensation means, as a great writer, whom we too often laugh at, pointed out long ago, "the blunt hand and the dead heart"—the diseased habit and the hardened conscience, which can contemplate acts of wickedness undeterred, and to which the wantonness and excitement of crime supply a needed stimulus and relief.

The problem, therefore, for those who wish to strike at the root of motiveless crimes is, how to create conscience—in other words, how to stir up sensation—in those whose lives are so devoid of interest as to rouse in them no acute sense at all. For that problem many solutions have been offered. Some have hoped that political changes would confer on this class new perceptions, and quicken in them impulses to which hitherto they have been dead. Some look still to social reforms, to produce that vivifying influence which, hitherto, political changes have not brought. Some think that the action of women in politics would have this effect; and, relying on the power which women possess of stirring sympathy and feeling, advocate the admission of women to public life as the best way to bring softening and stimulating influences into contact with the masses of the people. All these solutions, in a field where all is speculation, have an equal right to consideration.

But, after all, for awakening feeling there is no force to be compared with religion, and it is the recognition of this fact which is the secret of General Booth's success. The Salvation Army has found in religion of a strangely sensational form, the means of stirring to some extent men and women whom nothing has stirred before; and it is in that fact, and not in any undigested scheme of labour-colonies or Poor Law Reform, that the credit and virtue of the Salvation Army lies. If Mr. Booth and his disciples can permanently succeed in stimulating enthusiasm of any kind in a class who never have been taught to feel, they will do more than any reforms have done, to kill the callousness to pain and wrong, which is born of wretched material surroundings, and which in turn produces a materialism shorn of hope and comfort, and consequently fruitful in crime.

THE MINERS' EIGHT HOURS BILL.

IT would be idle to affect to ignore the extent to which the Eccles election has changed the political position of the Eight Hours movement. This has been suddenly promoted from a fad to a "question," and Mr. Gladstone now recognises its supporters as forming one of the "seven armies" fighting under his banner. Those who were formerly almost refused the rights of belligerents are now welcomed as allies, and it may safely be assumed that their appeals will not be denied the respectful attention of the whole Liberal party.

It is in many ways fortunate that the Eight Hours question is just now being presented in its simplest and most practical form. Everyone admits the special conditions under which miners work. Their underground labour, to the end that we

may be warmed, appeals strikingly to the popular imagination. Coal-mining is economically one of the most evolved of industries, one of the very furthest removed from the blissful industrial individualism of two hundred years since. Regulation in every detail is necessary to its very existence. The individual miner inevitably becomes a mere unit in a huge industrial army, the operations of which he can neither follow nor control. No one asserts that coal-mining will cease to be profitable with an eight hours day. Eight hours below ground is universally felt to be quite long enough; yet two-thirds of the miners work nine or ten. Eight hours is deemed enough for men; yet even in Northumberland and Durham growing lads are kept in their subterranean prisons for ten and twelve hours at a stretch. Nor is there any doubt as to the views of the workers themselves. For an Eight Hours Day, at whatever risk to wages, they are absolutely unanimous; and, outside of Northumberland and Durham, they have repeatedly shown that they support the Eight Hours Bill by at least ten to one. The objection of the miners of Northumberland and Durham to the proposed law might be a serious impediment, if it were about to curtail their freedom. To draw an indictment against the inhabitants even of two counties would tax the ability of a modern Burke, and we could not afford to recall the Guards from Bermuda in order to enforce the most humanitarian Mines Regulation Act. But Northumberland and Durham will need no coercing, because their working hours (as far as the coal-hewers are concerned) are already below the maximum of the proposed Act. Their objection to the legislation which all other coal-miners desire, presents accordingly no juristic or administrative difficulty. They would simply remain unaffected by the new law.

The peculiarity of the Eight Hours Bill for miners is, in fact, that it will not really coerce any appreciable number of workers in any mine whatsoever. It is, indeed, doubtful whether its injunctions will run counter to the desires of any single coal-miner. It was asserted during the Eccles campaign that any miner who contumaciously worked more than eight hours would be liable to a fine of forty shillings. But neither in Mr. Cunninghame Graham's Bill nor in that of the Yorkshire Miners' Association is there any mention of such a contingency, which is plainly regarded as impossible. The proposed law would, in fact, simply register what the miners almost unanimously desire.

Under these circumstances it is perhaps not surprising that many persons of the middle class cannot understand why any Act of Parliament is required. Accustomed themselves to work hard, yet to work only as they choose, they find it difficult to realise fully the position of a workman in any of the large industries, whose hours of toil are inexorably fixed, neither by his own will nor by that of his fellows, but by the imperative summons of the factory bell or the hideous steam hooter, over which he has no more control than over the sunrise. The individual worker cannot, in our modern industries, ever be a free man, if freedom means the power to fix one's own hours of work. He has long learned the lesson which the political economists are now trying to teach his master, that individual freedom, balked of its further advance by the Industrial Revolution, must necessarily realise itself in the "collective freedom" of Democratic control. The true inwardness of the Eight Hours Movement is a dimly felt instinct that Government by the people, for the people, instead of Government by individual capitalists for individual capitalists, must become the principle of industrial, as it is already that of political, administration.

But why, it is asked, should not the miners realise their "collective freedom" by Trade Union combination, and insist on an Eight Hours Day under threat of a strike? Why call in coercive legislation if there is no one to be coerced? We are, of course, all in favour of Trade Union action to-day, even if we once denounced its tyranny as worse than that of the Dey of Algiers. But the miners' Unions have not yet obtained complete authority over the Marquis of Londonderry. Lord Dudley and the Bridgewater Trustees are likely to possess at least as much staying power as five hundred thousand coal-miners, scattered all over the kingdom, with crowds of potential blacklegs behind every bush. A universal strike for eight hours, even with all the miners steadily unanimous for it, would inevitably mean the most serious dislocation of almost every industry, the early stoppage of the gas supply all over the kingdom, and the speedy cessation even of our means of communication. Along with this would go the slow starvation of hundreds of thousands of families, the laying up of seeds of future sickness and death, the demoralisation of idleness, the bitterness of industrial war. Yet this is what is calmly recommended by gentlemen, writing quietly in armchairs, as an alternative preferable to the passing of one more Mines Regulation Act Amendment Act which would coerce nobody but the mine-owners.

For, as Mr. Gladstone well reminds us, we have long ago disqualified ourselves from raising any question as to the principle of regulating even adult male labour. The hours of labour which we fix for textile factories apply virtually to men as well as to women and children. Every Factory Act has been supported by the male operatives, opposed by the capitalists, and fought in the House of Commons on this very point. Mr. Howorth, stung by the defeat at Eccles, may, if he likes, denounce all this legislation as worthy only of the Middle Ages, but even the prudent Conservatism of Mr. Baumann is prompt in rebuke of such indiscretion, and eagerly lays claim to the credit of belonging to a party which has earned the special objurgations of Mr. Herbert Spencer's "Man *versus* the State."

Perhaps the strongest objection to an Eight Hours Act is that raised by Mr. Haldane and Mr. Bradlaugh, as to its effect in sapping the manly independence of the British workman, and in causing him to neglect his Trade Union. But this hypothetic objection is supported neither by the history of the coal-miners nor by the example of other industries. The adult male coal-miner has been progressively more and more protected and regulated by law ever since 1842; but no one will assert that he has grown less independent or self-reliant, or that he has suffered any diminution of his ability or desire to form Trade Union combinations.

Precisely the reverse has been the case. Each successive legal protection, obtained, as it has been, by Trade Union organisation, has had the effect of strengthening that organisation. Nor do we find the miners, regulated as they are by law beyond all other industries, less independent, or less self-reliant, or less prone to co-operative stores or University Extension lectures, than the almost entirely unregulated agricultural labourer, or bricklayer, or chain and nail worker. But on this point we have the explicit testimony of Mr. Mundella. Referring to this very objection, when urged against the Factory Acts, he pointed out that the "operatives of Lancashire and Yorkshire have made greater advances in self-reliance and independence during the past fifty years than any other class of English operatives." These were the workmen for whom, as Mr. Gladstone reminds us, the Whig Government of 1847 virtually fixed the working hours at ten per day, and to whom Sir Richard (now Viscount) Cross gave the boon of a fifty-six and a half hour week. If they now presently ask Mr. Haldane or Mr. Bradlaugh, as the future Home Secretary, to reduce the week to forty-eight hours, what objection in principle can either of these gentlemen, with the precedents before him, effectively make?

Nevertheless, those who prefer a strike to an Act of Parliament need not despair. The miners want eight hours more than they want an Eight Hours Act, and they are not likely to realise the full importance of Mr. Gladstone's significant words. They have not much confidence in either political party, and a motion is already put down for discussion in favour of a universal eight hours strike next May, in despair of any prompt Parliamentary action. From this gigantic horror, the National Liberal Federation might probably still save the nation. The adoption of a resolution at the forthcoming Sheffield meeting, in support of the Eight Hours Bill for miners, would probably so strengthen the hands of the trusted union leaders as to enable them to induce the fiery Hotspurs of the mine to await the more peaceful legislative solution. Mr. Roby has long been an influential officer of the Federation. Can he not induce them to take this step?

SIDNEY WEBB.

THE PURITAN IN AMERICA.

THE question, What would England have become under the Puritans? has often been discussed by men who like to raise questions which they can answer according to their humour. Happily, the Puritan is not unrepresented in the domain of constructive politics; he has done in the New World what he never had any opportunity of doing in the Old. The significance of his work there for men here was, indeed, recognised long ago. In 1648 a second Hooker, quite as judicious, though not so eloquent, as the first, wrote another book "Of Ecclesiastical Polity." He was a Cambridge man, possessed of the Puritan spirit, had been driven out of Old into New England, became a considerable figure there, playing a leading part in the organisation of the colony and its infant Churches, and has claims to be considered as the leader and legislator of the men of Connecticut. He returned to England, broken in health, while the Long Parliament was yet young, and Episcopacy, Presbytery, and Independency were holding high debate as to which was best qualified so to interpret the religion of Christ as to do both it and the laws and liberties of England completest justice. His experience was exactly the thing the new Independency needed. English history was there to show what Episcopacy had done and could do; Presbytery could point proudly to Geneva and Scotland, Holland, and France; but Independency could only plead its theoretical truth and beauty, could point to no living State it had organised, no society it had ordered. At this moment Hooker stood forward with his book, "The New England Way," and showed that the excellence of the ideal was even surpassed by the quality of the results. The book is in other respects notable; the constitutional historian may find in its doctrine as to the place and function of the covenant in a Church, the type or prophecy of the place and work of the written constitution in the American State; while the historian of thought will discover in it the temper, spirit, and aims of the men who founded New England. And Hooker did not stand alone; Harry Vane the younger, and his friend Roger Williams, who so bravely preached, and still more bravely practised, the doctrine of religious liberty, brought lessons of toleration from the New World to the Old which were not without their influence on the spirit and speech of Milton, whose "Areopagitica," even more than his sonnet, is a tribute to Vane, "young in years, but in sage counsel old." In the days of confusion and aimless endeavour that among the Nonconformists followed on the Act of Toleration, which licensed individuals to preach but did not legalise denominational or concerted action, New England, in the persons both of Increase Mather and his son Cotton, was a potent friend and adviser of the men who were so tossed about between their love of conscience and respect for law. And since then, though each country has gone its own way, the way of each has never been without significance for the other. In England can be studied the action of a Church which is, so far as it owes its being to a specific ecclesiastical polity, a Church constituted by the State; in America can be studied Churches which, though independent of the State, have yet done more than any other agency to constitute the State, especially as regards all the forces that work for order, and progress, and unity. England has lessons for America which she has not been slow to learn; America has lessons for England which she may do well to study till she understands.

The ecclesiastical types of the older colonies may be roughly indicated thus:—New England was Puritan; the Middle States were Quaker and Presbyterian, the latter mainly Dutch and Scoto-Irish, though with a large intermixture from other sources; Maryland, Roman Catholic; the Southern States, mainly Episcopalian, though, in spite of the cruelest disabilities, largely encroached upon by the Presbyterians. Now, it was characteristic that the really organising and ordering forces were generated in New England; under sterner, barer, and altogether harder conditions, they developed much earlier than the South into settled communities, loving order, culture, and all the fairer amenities of life. And throughout they remained less mercantile and more intellectual than the Middle States. Their love of education amounted to a passion; wherever they cleared a space in the forest for a village, they built a church, and beside it a school. It is significant that the first grammar school and the first University were of their founding; indeed, the great Universities of old colonial days, which remain the best known and most reputed of these, Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, were all Puritan creations. For though Princeton is not in New England, it was founded by New England men; its first president was the son-in-law of Jonathan Edwards, its second was Jonathan Edwards himself. The only College that within the same period rose in the South was not of native growth; it was founded under William and Mary, though at the impulse of a perfervid immigrant Scot, and was an act of the Whig-Orange policy, designed to force the Jacobite susceptibilities of the Sons of the Cavaliers. The Puritan men had the love that acted without persuasion and without compulsion, and provided culture for the mind with the same common and simple spontaneity as food and raiment for the body. And they had their reward; on the soil they created, the earliest culture of the New World grew. Before the seventeenth century closed, they had learned men of their own making—some of them able to hold their own against the scholars of Europe. In the eighteenth century the most remarkable genius that concerned himself with pure theology was a New England man of simple yet sublime character, and to this day the descendants of Jonathan Edwards form a sort of professorial aristocracy in the eastern Colleges and Universities. In these States the men who may be described as the philosophical statesmen of the revolution—with, indeed, the splendid exception of Alexander Hamilton—were trained. There, too, belonged the most honoured names in American literature. Channing and Theodore Parker were New England preachers; Longfellow lived his beautiful life under the shadow of Harvard. Hawthorne's best work was done in the quaint old towns of Salem and Concord; Emerson was but a Jonathan Edwards with the dogmatics dropped out, but all the transcendental and mystical theology retained and rarefied; the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table finds the New England air kindly to caustic yet genial wit; Russell Lowell has made us see how a chair in the American Cambridge could be filled by the keenest and most catholic of living critics and a master of humour at once broad and

fine and earnest; while the man who has done most to vindicate the name of Carlyle and clear the fame his too carelessly brilliant biographer had obscured, fills another chair in the same University.

The men who have done most to interpret for us the Spain that discovered America, and the America Spain discovered, the religious yet political and racial conflicts of the Netherlands, and the process by which English colonists founded Modern America, were all sons of New England; and historians like Prescott, Motley, and Bancroft, but show the spirit of their stock.

Within the same States, and under the same influences, were formed the forensic mind and statesmanship of Daniel Webster; the fine genius and noble spirit of Margaret Fuller; the sweet soul, with its true poetic gift and noble love of all human good, of Whittier; the more varied and masculine fancy of Bryant; the open sense and genial heart of Harriet Beecher Stowe; the love of freedom, the courage, the devotion, and the eloquence to plead for the liberty of the despised slave, of Garrison and Wendell Phillips and Sumner. And these are but samples, gathered from a purposely restricted area, the like of which no other States in the New World can show, of the fruit that has grown upon the goodly tree which the old Puritans planted in their love of learning and faith in Mind. A. M. F.

(To be continued.)

THE SPEAKER'S GALLERY.

XIV.—Mr. W. E. H. Lecky.

Though Mr. Lecky has been well known as an author for at least a quarter of a century, to most of us he is still a name and little more. He is the most impersonal of men of letters. He is rarely absent from the annual dinner of the Royal Academy; he often replies for the toast of Literature; he travels much, and on Swiss mountains and Italian lakes his tall, striking figure is familiar. But outside the Athenæum and a small circle of friends he is known only as an author. And such he is, in a sense true of no other man of letters of our time. He never meddles with affairs or, directly, the practice of politics. He rarely takes part in the controversies of the day, and does not, after the manner of so many of his contemporaries, habitually discourse *de omnibus rebus* in the monthlies. He writes no advertising letters in the newspapers, and never thinks, as so many men of letters are apt to do, that the public are wronged if they do not often hear of him. He has always been content to be a scholar and an author. He labours in the deliberate fashion of Gibbon, Milman, or Grote. Each book is the outcome of long study, deep reflection, and careful elaboration. As to matter or manner no pains are spared. His readers get only his best thoughts polished and burnished to the utmost. Not until the last touch of varnish is on the finished picture do we see it. After many years of labour he has just completed his "History of England in the Eighteenth Century." For the next ten or twelve years we shall hear little of him. He will retire again to his books and his study—the British Museum and the Bibliothèque Nationale. Then one morning we shall learn that he is about to give to the world another work—perhaps the history of the Renaissance or the Reformation, or of Ethical Theories; at all events, some book dealing with a vast, arduous theme. Such is the history of all his literary achievements; such is the manner in which are composed works written for other than the present generation. He has been rewarded with success, and he has spared no pains to deserve it.

When literature gained in Lecky a promising recruit, the pulpit lost a distinguished preacher. In 1860, he went to Trinity College, Dublin. "I had then a strong leaning towards theological studies, and looked forward to a peaceful clerical life in a family living near Cork." Had he taken that step he would have become, such were his natural gifts of rhetoric, an eminent pulpit orator; not a stirring, popular preacher, but a refined, thoughtful preacher of a type of which, among the living, Principal Caird is the best example. He was enabled to devote himself to literature, to which he has given unswerving allegiance. The strongest intellectual influence at Trinity College in 1860 was Whately, and Lecky speaks of owing much to that acute but uncertain thinker. We fail to discover traces of this influence. Butler, Coleridge, and Maurice impressed an indelible colouring upon his mind. Bayle directed him into lines of reading closed to all but half a dozen Englishmen. He could not in his youth escape the searching, universal influence of Carlyle, and he had the advantage of knowing him, not merely by his books, but by intimate personal converse. There was a time when Lecky visited weekly at Cheyne Row. And report has it that care had to be taken that his visits and those of Froude did not coincide. Strange, however, as it may seem, the really creative impulse to Mr. Lecky was communicated by a thinker so different from him as Mr. Buckle. In 1858 the first volume of the "History of Civilisation" startled the world in a way which, looking now at its crudity and the many signs of haste and intemperance, is barely conceivable. Bold, aggressive, dogmatic, Buckle struck hard at what, to many of us, was dearest. His mode of attack was unusual; his weapons were new; he claimed to be clad in armour which turned his opponents' swords. Not for some time did his assailants discern that his spear, if ponderous, was somewhat blunt, and that there were many yawning joints in his cumbrous cuirass. Under the influence of Buckle's book the "History of Rationalism" was composed; and it appeared opportunely. It ministered comfort to souls troubled and unsettled by the fierce iconoclast and dogmatist who had traversed much of the same region as Lecky. The book took the town by storm. Reviewers pronounced it a masterpiece. The young author was compared to Burke, Montesquieu, Guizot. At once, without parleying or question, the ranks opened to admit him into the centre of the world of letters, and he who had never before published anything more notable than a collection of frigid, mediocre essays on Swift, Grattan, Flood, and O'Connell, took his place among the half-dozen historians of the century. Ten years of study passed, and the "History of Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne" saw the light. If it had not the signal success of its predecessor, this was not so much owing to any falling-off in power, any loss of skill, any diminution of interest, as to the circumstance that it came second—that in his first work of any real consequence he revealed all that he was and will be. We shall not seek to cheapen or explain away the success of these books. They are literature in the best sense; they breathe a love of noble things; they abound in charity; a large forgiving spirit hovers over the controversies of the past; and we are conducted to eminences from which the outlook is extensive. They open the door of treasures rarely unlocked. The extent of Mr. Lecky's learning is overrated by his admirers. In 1868 he seems to have been almost ignorant of German literature, so rich in monographs relative to his theme. On no other theory can we account for his uniform references to French authorities of a second order, to the complete oblivion of German works. Still his erudition is large and varied. And the style is not unworthy of the master. It is a little too stiff and prim; it is based on old-fashioned models, such as Gibbon and Milman. Who in these days but Mr. Lecky begins a sentence with such tautological lumber as "It is remarkable that"—"It is to be observed that," etc.? Occasionally the style verges upon pedantry or turgidness. But its many virtues outweigh these failings. Rich in captivating cadences, free from

what is in these days the commonest of all vices, vulgarity, it is admirably adapted to the theme, and it vies, in its lucidity, with the best French prose. A still deeper charm lies in the spirit in which Mr. Lecky has written, whatever be his theme. He chose as the motto for one of his first books the saying of Coleridge, "Let it be remembered by controversialists on all subjects that every speculative error which boasts a multitude of advocates has its golden as well as its dark side; that there is always some truth contained within it, the exclusive attention to which has misled the understanding, some moral beauty which has given it charms for a heart." In this spirit he regards the past, and his eclectic, conciliatory spirit soothing to the wearied, perplexed, or embarrassed, and is an inexpressible relief to the barren and unintelligent dogmatism of so many historians. Occasionally, however, excess of this virtue produces a lack of point and definiteness. Too often, when face to face with a difficulty, Mr. Lecky, in the manner of the Homeric gods, escapes in a cloud. How different is the method of Lange, whose "History of Materialism" has, in many parts, points of resemblance to the "History of Rationalism:" the one writer eager to state and press his own opinions and viewing the past as a continuation of the battlefields of the present; the other reluctant to formulate his own convictions, if he has any—always ready to be a messenger of peace, and to bear a flag of truce even between irreconcilables.

Mr. Lecky's two first books were histories of ideas. In the work just completed, in eight erudite volumes, he is the historian of a century crowded with small events and a multitude of actors; the scene constantly changing, the evolution of any dominant ideas uncertain and hard to trace—a subject altogether different from the Histories of Rationalism and European Morals, and calling for other faculties. He has reared a monument of labour; he has investigated the eighteenth century with patience never before equalled. Has he succeeded in a task which scarcely admits of signal success? We will not answer that large question; but one observation relevant to it may be made. There is a class of historians proud of the uselessness of their researches, who say to their wearied readers, "What more would you have? Have I not rectified a date, recovered the lost surname of a third-rate character, and restored the orthography of an obscure city? Lessons from history! Instructions for the present! There are none. Why seek the living among the dead?" In grave minds arise doubts whether, if history is to be nothing more than this, something as edifying as heraldry, duller than poetry and not so instructive, life is long enough for the study of meaningless facts—whether humanity need for ever be crushed with a profitless load. Mr. Lecky is not a pedantic stickler for useless knowledge. He is not afraid to mingle reflection with narrative, to judge as well as chronicle, not merely to tell the crimes of the past but to sentence their authors—to write history as Thucydides, Gibbon, Hume, or Niebuhr wrote it. We cannot agree with many of the conclusions in his last volume. Though not disfigured by the "morbid eccentricities," the wild, random abuse of all that is dear to Irishmen, which he rebukes in Mr. Froude, Mr. Lecky's vision seems impaired when he approaches his native land; he, the keen critic, faithful recorder of the narrowness and shortsightedness of the aristocracy and landowners of his country, seems to exemplify some of their faults. But if the historian is at times the party pamphleteer and bids the ruse of history obey the behests of a Chaplin or a Chamberlain, he is never the insufferable Dryasdust.

We sometimes incline to think that he would have succeeded better with the eighth than the eighteenth century. It really seems to be a truth that the farther off men are, the better he sees them. We will not say that he would be entirely at home if two elements were eliminated from history—men and events. But certain it is that he is no skilful narrator like Macaulay, no vivid delineator of character like Carlyle, that he is at his best when he traces dominant ideas to their humble, lowly seed, and shows what strange alloys may be formed of doctrines, passions, and circumstances.

What will posterity say to his labours? Who can tell? That tribunal is often as eccentric as contemporary opinion, and it habitually commits the greatest of all injustice—it gives no verdict at all. But we are much mistaken if, among sentences not to be divined, are not found such words as these:—

"A lover of things pure and true; abounding in charity; patient, laborious, exact. . . . An historian, he could not narrate; a philosophic writer, he left it uncertain what were his philosophic tenets. . . . Desirous, above all things, to be judicial and impartial, he did not escape the narrowing influences of the position of an Irish landlord. Writing with the desire of winning the good opinion of posterity, he was most esteemed in his own time; ever the advocate of charitable compromises his influence did not outlast them."

STREET ARABIA.*

"MOST of the pictures I had seen of ragged life," writes Mrs. Stanley in her "London Street Arabs," "appeared to me false and made up." It is an undoubted fact that most of such pictures are very false, and that they do depict, as Mrs. Stanley points out, only one side of street life—the sadder side. In some of the pictures in Mrs. Stanley's book we see very much better work. The first of the series is lamentably conventional, but many of the others show originality and truth. At least there is some attempt to show us the other side, to draw for us the whimsical, humorous, imitative, boyish street arab. The pathetic side is not made less pathetic by the contrast. Mrs. Stanley's stories suggest others.

A boy of the streets walked up to two particularly well-dressed men who were standing and chatting at the street-corner, and offered one of them an evening paper.

"It's no use to me," said the humorous young man; "I know it all by heart."

The boy turned to the second young man, who desired to be not less humorous:

"No use to me either; I can't read."

The boy surveyed him from the top of his perfect hat down to his glossy and immaculate boots: "That's a pity now," he said, "ain't it? All them ragged schules there is about too!"

One of these young men told me this story. Which of the two was it?

The sarcasm of the street arab is, like all sarcasm, most terrible when it is least intentional. Here is an instance from Mrs. Stanley's book:—

"I asked Harry Sullivan to define a *gentleman*. He replied, not without some fervour, 'Oh! a fellow who has a watch and chain.'

"I suppose he read disapprobation in my face, for he hastily added, 'And loves Jesus.'"

The street arab is merciless in his ridicule of the misfortunes of others. Some little time ago, on a particularly muddy evening, a cyclist was sitting in the road, in Holborn, close to the pavement, with his machine by his side. He had not taken up this position intentionally, and a small red-headed boy had watched the accident with a grave face. As soon as the cyclist rose to his feet, the red-headed one said to him sadly—

"Buy a box o' lights from a poor boy, sir—'stror-nery large box o' matches for one penny?"

I suppose it was exasperating to be asked to buy matches at such a moment. At any rate the cyclist was distinctly exasperated.

"Won't yer buy a box from a poor boy, sir?" the urchin went on, and then suddenly his face became one awful grin; "'ave a wash-an'-brush-up twopence then. *Yer want it bad!*" Then the red-

* London Street Arabs. By Mrs. H. M. Stanley (Dorothy Tennant). London, Paris and Melbourne: Cassell & Company, Limited.

headed one went away somewhere where he could laugh more comfortably and with less prospect of interruption.

It is to be feared that the street arab knows us very much better than we know him. He works on our vanity, calls the over-dressed, under-paid clerk, "cappen," and would probably call him "Your Royal Highness" if he thought it would prevent him from taking the halfpenny change on the purchase of the *Star*. He knows our fancy for the picturesque; he knows that when he lies asleep on the steps, with one box of fusees in his hand and his little sister by his side, their chance of charity depends to some extent on appearance and attitude. His religious views are curious and variable, but he knows—Mrs. Stanley's story shows it—that religion is in some way connected with respectability, that there is a kind of freemasonry about it, and that the religious man is likely to help the religious urchin, or the urchin who appears to be religious. Sometimes he has been taught to say hymns or collects, and keeps the sound of the words as near as he can, the sense being often beyond him. "Six days shalt thy neighbour do all that thou hast to do," was the version of a clause of the Fourth Commandment given once to an inspector by a boy who had received oral instruction.

In some respects it is a pity that the street boy should be so imitative, because he sees little which is worth imitation. He uses the language of his parents, and his parents are frequently not at all nice in their conversation. The other day a group of children had gathered in one of the recesses on Waterloo Bridge, and were playing at keeping house. The eldest girl, a lanky child of twelve or thirteen, was acting as the mother. From the dramatic point of view she was perfect. She washed imaginary clothes, occasionally pressing her hand to her side—"Wheer the lumbaker ketches me," she explained. But if all that she said were to be printed here, many would not believe that the record was true, and most would not like it. Sometimes this imitativeness leads to actual crime. It was only a fortnight ago that a boy of fifteen—not a London boy this time—was asked to account for being in the possession of certain housebreaking implements for the supposed purpose of burglary. "Of late," so ran his written statement, "I have been drinking and reading novels." The newspapers headed their account with the words—"Extraordinary Confession." Is it so very extraordinary? Turn to Mrs. Stanley's book. We find there boys imitating the tumblers or tight-rope walkers that they may have seen on some rapturous night in a cheap variety show. They must imitate something. Real life is so dull and sordid; it is not every day that a boy gets a chance of being present at a fire, or assisting to back the hansom from the fallen horse, or doing anything that is really worth doing. If in novels or newspapers we are foolish enough to allow the criminal cunning to seem brilliant, it is our fault that the boy imitates the criminal.

Their whimsical nature is seen chiefly in their practical jokes. I came across two of the boys the other day in front of a bookseller's shop. A large deal box was standing outside, filled with the usual collection of odd volumes at twopence each. One of the boys was turning over the books.

"Der yew know what I'd like ter do, Bill? I'd like to get a dead rat or suthin', suthin' a bit smelly, and bury it underneath all them books. I know where there's a dog what nobody wants."

"That ain't no use, Jim," said Bill, with an air of wisdom, "'cos they'd see yer in the shop. An' yer deern't do it."

"Yes, I deer."

"No, yer deern't. Yer deern't ring that bell here."

The outer door of the house was open, and there was a swing-door in the passage inside. Jim advanced to ring the bell. With one quick shove Bill sent him flying into the passage, pulled the outer door to, rang the bell hard, and bolted.

Of course, there are times when the street arab is hungry, and cold, and dejected. The winter is a bad time for him. But his hard life seems in many cases to have sharpened his wits without breaking his high spirits. One rarely finds in him the comfortable stolidity of the country child. But the hard life tells in the end; the high spirits and buoyancy are generally all gone by the time the street arab reaches manhood, if he ever gets there.

A RAMBLER IN LONDON.

XXV.—At a Luncheon Bar.

THE luncheon which one takes at a bar is not, *quâ* luncheon, perfect or desirable; it is, however, characteristic of the hurry of a great city. A little practice will generally show anyone how to make the best of it. A tall man, for instance, will select a bar where the counter is also tall; for the complete enjoyment of soup depends not only on the nature of the soup and of the consumer, but also on the distance from the soup-plate to the consumer's mouth. So, too, experience will tell a man what place to take if the bar is inconveniently crowded and there are no vacant stools. He will not thoughtlessly place himself next to a man who is seated and eating soup, because he will have to wait some time for that man's stool, since soup is of those things which are not complete in themselves. He will place himself rather next to one who is seated and eating a portion of a joint, and who looks too poor or too hurried for sweets or cheese. By so doing he will not be compelled to stand for long. He will also, if it be possible, select some point in the counter where there is a mustard-pot; for it is more pleasant to be asked for the mustard than to be compelled to ask for it from an entire stranger. For entire strangers at luncheon-bars are wont to be very proud; and when they pass one the mustard they do so with the air of one who would say: "Here it is, but do not regard this incident as the commencement of any intimacy whatever between us." It is hard to have one's proffered friendship rejected, but it is much harder to have it rejected when it has never been proffered. Consequently, some men, owing to a timidity and sensitiveness which are, perhaps, excessive, will even eat beef without mustard, if they see that the common law clerk next to them, under whose control the mustard-pot lies, is particularly haughty. Bearded clerks are generally quite kind; but the scarf-pinned variety have to be handled very carefully; they may snub you at any moment. One can imagine how one would feel when snubbed by them, by noting the terrible dexterity and the lightness of their badinage with the young lady behind the bar.

"Vealanamansoty's what you're goin' to 'ave this mornin'?" she says, with some assurance, justified by previous experiences, perhaps.

"Oh, it is, is it?" The tone of the voice is ironical, but the manner is very attractive. "An' per'aps you know more'n I know."

"*Know*, yer say?" There is no particular point in the question; it is resorted to from the dislike to saying nothing when one has nothing to say.

"Yes, I said *know*."

"Oh, you did, did you? Well, are you goin' to 'ave vealanamansoty?"

"No, I ain't."

"Then what *are* you goin' to 'ave?"

"Vealanamancabbidge and a 'alf o' bitter."

"Well, you *are* provoking this mornin'. Charles, vealanamancabbidgevun. Do 'urry."

There are bar-maids who always talk unnaturally, like this maiden. They are young and generally pretty in rather an ostentatious way. There are others who are somewhat older, quite natural and good-natured, and with less of that harassing

beauty. So too the waiters may be roughly divided into two classes, those which are English and those which are something else. It would be equally possible to divide bar-maids or waiters into a hundred classes, and it is almost certain that it would be equally unsatisfactory. The performance of the same duties may cause a certain similarity in a few obvious points, but these hardly justify classification. There is nothing, one would imagine, in the dispensation of cuts from the joint to the hungry and hurried, which is particularly liable to destroy one's individuality. It is curious to notice that, as a rule, young men who take their luncheon at a bar, generally get to have a special affection for one particular restaurant, and are always strenuous in their efforts to make proselytes, although they are not in receipt of any commission from the management. "Come with me," says one man, "and you'll get things hot." "Come with me," says another, "and you'll get things cheap." "Come with me," says a third, "and you'll get things clean." The third man makes very few proselytes; his promise is incredible. Not only do men get to be fond of one particular luncheon bar, but they always choose the same place in it. They do this from laziness, but they always assign it to principle. Yet there really is plenty of variety to be had. At some bars you pay at the counter, at others you pay at a desk. By patronising sometimes one kind and sometimes another, a man gets change, not quite the same thing as a week or two at Brighton, perhaps, but on the same lines. At one bar you may stand anywhere; at another there is a sacred spot, marked by an unclean tablecloth, consecrated to the service of the waiters. It is there that they present their checks, and receive in return the dishes they have ordered from the kitchen. No common man may stand against that tablecloth, but he may take up his position near to it and hear the sorrowful and despairing cries of waiters who have not got what they ordered, or who can't get it soon enough. "Oh, take it back, take it back," says one middle-aged English waiter, whose heart seems quite broken; "I told yer no fat, miss, three times over. The gent won't touch it like that; and wheer's them soty?" He is thrust aside by a quick succession of younger waiters, all of them with orders, all of them as bustling and eager as if their lives depended on it.

THE BOOKSTALL MAN.

DO you know the fascination of bookstalls? It laid hold of me when I was a boy, and it has me still. Yet I take in no morning journal, I forget where the reading-room of my club is, and the marked papers that come to me by post are seldom pulled out of their covers. (I know so well what the marked paragraph says: "Of all Mr. Anon's books this is perhaps the worst. The characters are shadowy," etc., etc.) What of that? Every Friday evening, be it wet or dry, or warm or windy, I sally forth from my chambers and do a bookstall. Why I choose Friday I cannot tell any more than why I have always a headache on Wednesdays, but Friday it is and has been since I became a man, which was the day I went to college. If I am in the country, such is my desire for bookstalls on Friday, that I drop a penny into the slot of my imagination, and, behold! I am at Charing Cross. (You must often have seen me there—the handsome man.) To return to a bookstall after a month's fishing or shooting is surely the greatest glory in life, next to a new pen-nib.

They have been saying in the papers lately (I picked this up at dinner) that a book's success depends more on the publisher than on the author. The Society for Compelling Publishers to Give Authors More of the Spoil says, on the other hand, that if the book is good, it is sure to sell. But my Friday night experiences tell me that everything depends on the man at the bookstalls. It is he who not only sells out editions, but makes literary reputations. For every one person who buys a book because he loves the author's previous works, and for every two who buy because of favourable reviews, a dozen buy at the bookstall man's request. He is the critic whose decision is final. "I recommend this," he says, and that is sufficient. He does not even need to give his reasons. I look on, and I see that no average traveller can resist him. The bookstall man can sell hundreds of copies of any book as easily as the waiter at your hotel can create a run on soles for breakfast. "The sole is very good to-day," whispers the waiter, and you are so flattered by his confidence that you order soles, nor reflect that they may be recommended because the hotel has a special profit on them. It is so with books.

Perhaps you really wanted ham and egg, though you consented to order sole. So, again, is it with books. You asked for a certain book at the stall, but the man smiled disparagingly, and mentioned (as a favour to you) that "Marion's Third Husband" was what everyone was reading just now. You had a presentiment that you would not care for "Marion's Third Husband," but can you deny that you agreed to take it? Who are you, that you should presume not to buy this book which Brown, Jones, and Robinson have all bought, on the word of honour of the bookstall man? And why did Robinson buy this shocker? Answer: Because the bookstall man told him Brown and Jones have bought it. Why did Jones buy it? Answer: Because the bookstall man told him it had just been bought by Brown. And now tell us why Brown bought it. Was it because he had read the reviews, or because the title pleased him, or because he knew the author by repute, or because he was in a hurry, and snatched up the book that lay nearest him? It was for none of these reasons. No, Brown bought "Marion's Third Husband" because the bookstall man compelled him. Again and again have I listened at a bookstall to such a conversation as this:—

"Have you a book called 'The Last of the Mayhews,' or 'The Last of the Macleans,' or something like that?"

(Who can be bothered remembering the names of books?)

"Hum, yes, sir. But what you want, I think, is 'Marion's Third Husband.'"

"No, I am certain the title was 'The Last of the —somethings.'"

"Excuse me, sir, but I rather think this is the book you are after, 'Marion's Third Husband.' Why, sir, everybody is buying this."

"Hum! Let me see it. Hem! Still, the book I was advised to get was 'The Last——'"

"Take my word for it, sir, this is the book. Look here, sir, 'fourteenth thousand.' You will take it?"

"I don't know. The book I wanted was called 'The Last——'"

"Not at all, sir. Here you are, one shilling. Thank you, sir."

The bookstall man and I are friends, and he has confided to me some of the tricks of the trade. For instance, there is one spot on the stall which first catches the eye of those whose destination is the Third Platform. The chances, I am told, are two to one, that the book lying on this conspicuous spot will be bought before the book lying a foot to the right. What the book is hardly matters at all. Books that won't sell when placed on the shelves are brought down here, and then they go "like anything." If you can persuade the bookstall man to give your works this spot, you are made for life. It is quite worth your while to bribe him.

My own opinion is that if you have the bookstall man on your side it is quite immaterial what the contents of your book are. He will force the public to buy you, and the public that travels by rail is

without a mind. At the same time, it is only fair to say that he estimates his capacity modestly. "No doubt," he said to me lately, "I can make any book go to a certain extent, but there is one kind of book that even I can't sell by the thousand. That is the book which has little in it. No, sir, I don't mean little of value in it, I mean little matter; that is to say, the public want a lot for their money. A shilling shocker of a hundred pages, and a hundred words to the page, won't sell well though Fergus Hume himself wrote it [Mr. Hume is the greatest of living writers, according to the man at the bookstall]. But give me a good fat shocker, with three hundred words to the page, and I guarantee that if I choose I'll make it go like halfpenny papers."

I regret to have to say that the man at the bookstalls has no respect for women. "They hang around," he says, "and read the books, and, though I have a man to watch them, while he is driving away one, another is reading a chapter. They can read a chapter in a minute."—"Does that not interest them in the book, so that they buy it?"—"No, sir, it don't. It only makes them go to the other stall and read the last chapter there. Not once in a blue moon, sir, does womenfolk buy a book. A penny weekly is what they buy; and before they fix on one they read half a dozen. You take my word for it, sir, it takes a woman half an hour to spend a penny at a bookstall."

OPERA IN LONDON.

SIGNOR LAGO'S idea of a winter opera was certainly a happy one. There was no absolute novelty in it, but the idea has been carried out better this year than it ever was before. The manager has looked about him for new singers; and the energy of his two conductors, Signor Bevignani and Signor Arditi, enables him to get up so many works that the bill can be changed almost every evening. The announcement of *Robert le Diable*, which had not been heard in England for many years, brought the management a crowded house—a house "crowded to suffocation" according to the pleasant theatrical phrase. What Signor Lago really presented, however, was not Meyerbeer's famous opera, but only a copious selection from it. Some of the pieces were omitted, and nearly all were shortened; the *finales* in particular being curtailed. One must not, however, blame the management too much for abridging a work which, in its original form, occupies at least five hours in performance. The new and abridged version of the work is probably not unlike the primitive one prepared by Scribe and Meyerbeer for the Opéra Comique, whence in an amply developed shape it was destined to be transferred to the Grand Opera.

It is a curious fact and a suggestive one that in *Robert le Diable*, as now given at Covent Garden, no less than three English singers appear, and all in prominent parts. "Robert" is impersonated by an English tenor, with a strong resonant voice and good dramatic style, who, in the course of twenty years' experience on the Italian stage, has got into the habit of calling himself "Perrotti." The "Alice" of the cast is Madam Fanny Moody, late of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, who plays the part, even as she sings it, simply and naturally; while her performance in the scene with "Bertram," and again in the final trio, is full of dramatic feeling. Mr. Charles Manners, the "Bertram" of the evening, was, until lately, like Madam Fanny Moody, a member of the Carl Rosa Company. He has a commanding presence, a fine voice, and besides being a good vocalist has—what is quite unusual with English operatic singers—talent of the dramatic kind. From no hatred of the foreigner, but from simple love of truth, we are bound to record the fact that the foreign members of the cast were scarcely on an equality with their English companions. Of the four leading parts in the opera the only one filled by a foreigner was that of the "Princess Isabelle," to which scant justice was rendered by Mlle. Strömfeld. It must be added, however, that the little part of "Raimbaut," the second tenor, was agreeably sung by a Spanish vocalist, Senor Guetary. The famous ballet, shorn of many of its attractions, was not particularly well danced.

The performance of Ponchielli's *Gioconda* scarcely amounted to a resuscitation. The work had a short life, and scarcely a merry one, when it was brought out, several years ago, at the Royal Italian Opera, and it seems a pity not to have allowed it to remain in peace. The music of this work, feeble and without character as it is, possesses, all the same, the Italian merit of being singable, and two of the principal parts received full justice at the hands of Mlles. Peri and Jiulia Ravogli—this latter vocalist, with her rich mezzo-soprano voice and her expressive style, being exceptionally good. The little part of "La Cicca" gave moreover to an estimable English singer, Miss Grace Damian, the opportunity of showing that her proper sphere of activity is less the concert-room than the lyric stage.

The number of capable English vocalists included in Signor Lago's company (of whom no less than five can be counted—two tenors, a soprano, a contralto, and a bass) leads one to hope that the intention attributed to this manager of establishing an English Opera may be well-founded.

A new sign of the dissolution of partnership between Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan, which may now be regarded as final, may be seen in the publication of "Songs of a Savoyard"; under which title Mr. Gilbert brings together the best of his songs from the long series of operas produced at the Savoy Theatre. An endeavour is about to be made to found an English Opera of a serious kind at the new theatre built by Mr. D'Oyley Carte in Shaftesbury Avenue, with Sir Arthur Sullivan as composer; but, unfortunately, without Mr. W. S. Gilbert as librettist. It is agreeable meanwhile to see from the dedication of the "Songs of a Savoyard," which are inscribed to Sir Arthur Sullivan, that the cessation of art relations between the librettist and the composer of the Savoy Theatre has not destroyed their friendship.

THE WEEK.

THE "talk of the town" in certain political circles is the "Life" just published of MR. PETER RYLANDS, the late M.P. for Burnley. The work has been produced under the direction of his son, whose notions of the duties of a biographer are, to say the least, somewhat rudimentary. He seems to have adopted a very simple process. He has printed at full length all the letters addressed to his father by any men of distinction whom he knew. None of these letters were written with a view to publication, whilst some are most distinctly of a private and confidential character. MR. CHAMBERLAIN, for example, never dreamt when he penned a singularly angry and foolish note about the Reform Club that it would one day be read with a chuckle of delight by his enemies there. The whole publication strikes us as being very much in the nature of an outrage upon good taste, to say the least of it.

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN has written a poem about death. He explains the only conditions under which it will be agreeable for him to die. "Let me die," he says, for instance, "when flows the harvest ale." MR. ALFRED AUSTIN has apparently no personal relish for this liquor, but he can die comfortably when he knows that the haymakers are

drinking. It seems an odd taste, especially for a poet. Harvest ale does not usually elevate the mind, and the souls of the haymakers will not be exalted to poetic heights when the can goes round. Yet this is the moment when MR. ALFRED AUSTIN hopes that his spirit will take its flight, after hovering awhile over the heads of the bucolic tipplers.

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN is a constant joy. He has favoured the world with his theory of criticism. Of the critics as experts he has the lowest opinion. They are important to the box-office, not to the dramatic author. The only opinion worth having on one of MR. BUCHANAN'S plays is the opinion of MR. BUCHANAN. He cares as little for the judgment of "the mob" as for that of the experts, but when he condescends to revise a play, it is after he has studied the effect of the work on a succession of audiences. So "the mob" counts for nothing, and the audience for a good deal: a distinction which shows the subtlety of MR. BUCHANAN'S intellect.

MR. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON has said some interesting things about realism and idealism in literature to an interviewer at Sydney. For example, he pointed out that some writers of fiction wasted their strength in trying to imitate painters. They described landscape with a minuteness which was thrown away, for it could not be appreciated except by actual sight. That is a very just and wholesome criticism of the word-painting of scenery. It is given to very few writers to make a landscape visible, and MR. WILLIAM BLACK is one of the few. As for general distinctions between idealism and realism, MR. STEVENSON is disposed to obliterate them; and he is eager to express his sympathy with M. DE MAUPASSANT, one of the most uncompromising champions of the realistic school. Certainly MR. STEVENSON would be the first to acknowledge the consummate art of "Pierre et Jean;" but what would M. DE MAUPASSANT say to the idealism of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"?

THERE can be very little doubt as to what M. DE MAUPASSANT would say to MR. MARION CRAWFORD about "A Cigarette Maker's Romance." It would be something to this effect:—"Monsieur, your story is charming. It is touched with the most delicate sentiment. I am quite ready to believe that a half-crazy Russian nobleman would have inspired that passion in a poor Polish peasant girl, and that, being half-crazy, he would have married her. But your story is too long. Reduced to one-third of its proportions, it would be artistic. All its effect is frittered away because you have set yourself to fill two volumes. That may be commerce, but it is not art."

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING is a clever man who sometimes writes deplorably bad English, and whose training makes him the worst possible judge of the English democracy. Take a young Anglo-Indian, and drop him into the middle of an industrial strike. He will come promptly to the conclusion that the men are all wrong, that they covet their neighbour's ox and his ass, and that in any decently governed community, say Hindostan, they would be put down with a strong hand. That is the value of MR. RUDYARD KIPLING'S views about labour questions in this country. He has been telling the readers of an Indian journal that the working man in England has an "utter want of self-respect," "approves of every form of lawlessness," has "no duties to the State, and no personal responsibility of any kind." This opinion is founded upon MR. KIPLING'S observation of a particular person, and he straightway generalises this study into a condemnation of "the New Unionism." This means merely that MR. KIPLING looks at the English artisan as he would at the Indian ryot, and calmly assumes that this is the only point of view for the industrial and political problems of a democratic community. And quite naturally this statesmanlike theory is awarded a place of honour in a Tory paper.

MR. LEWIS MORRIS'S new book is announced for the 10th prox. It is to be called "A Vision of Saints," and ranges, we believe, from S. ALEXIS and S. PERPETUA to JOHN BUNYAN and ELIZABETH FRY. The last saint is DAMIEN. The author has, at any rate, lighted upon a subject which is likely to be popular. The poem is, like the "Epic of Hades," in blank verse.

YET another quarterly! The new-comer rejoices in the imposing title of *International Journal of Ethics*, and is published by MR. FISHER UNWIN. It is conducted by an editorial committee representing London, Manchester, New York, Harvard University, Prague, and Berlin; so the ethics ought to be pretty well diffused. The first number starts very fitly with an article by PROFESSOR HENRY SIDGWICK on "The Morality of Strife," which urges that the most essential element of national education is the formation of the judicial mind. To enter into an opponent's case, to appreciate his principles, and to discover if possible some honourable compromise, is PROFESSOR SIDGWICK'S ideal of national health. It may be commended to the attention of MR. FREDERICK GREENWOOD, who declared, with his wonted candour, not long ago, that the strength of the nation depended on its capacity for "brutal and bloody vigour."

NO one should miss the *Quarterly Review* article on M. RENAN. ERNEST RENAN, who has been world-renowned for a quarter of a century as the author of a "Life of Jesus," which unites more than the learning of STRAUSS with more than the literary fascination of NEWMAN, has been as much maligned as NEWMAN was before KINGSLEY gave him opportunity to right himself with his own and all subsequent generations. RENAN has had no KINGSLEY, but he has contrived to right himself none the less. The *Quarterly Reviewer's* portrait of him is singularly sympathetic and touching, and it sets a new RENAN before us: a RENAN who would certainly have acquitted himself nobly in the *rôle* of Catholic priest which, in his young manhood, he trained himself so longingly to fulfil. The Catholic Church lost in RENAN at least as much as it gained in NEWMAN. He says of himself: "I should have made a very good priest, indulgent, paternal, charitable, blameless in my life and conversation." RENAN is an old man now. Was the life of NEWMAN himself more blameless than RENAN'S has been? It is well to note this of a man whom all the forces of orthodoxy have failed to crush during seven-and-twenty years.

THE *Edinburgh Review* contains two articles of remarkable merit, those on Tibetan literature and on VICTOR COUSIN; but there is a singular mistake in each. In the former it is asserted that the British Museum is still without a single Tibetan book. There are more Tibetan books in the Museum than there are persons in Europe able to read them.

THE writer on COUSIN, after telling us that COUSIN was born in 1792 and died in 1867, makes the strange remark that "he had not attained longevity." The fact is that he has just been copying, or mis-copying, M. MIGNET, who is made by a slip of the pen or a typographical error to say that COUSIN died at the age of sixty-five years and one month, instead of seventy-four.

IF the original error lay with M. MIGNET, it is permissible to hope that his faculty of time may have been deficient, and that his account of COUSIN'S preternatural matutinal activity may not be strictly correct. According to him the philosopher rises *an hour later than usual* on a January morning, and, after dressing, it is to be presumed, "retouches and completes a few chapters of his 'General History of Philosophy,'" comes down to breakfast, chats away with gaiety, towards the end of breakfast has a stroke of apoplexy, and expires at five a.m. What *can* have been M. COUSIN'S usual hour for getting up?

ROBERT BROWNING analysed depravity with the professional zeal of a surgeon in the dissecting-room. That is the judgment of the *Edinburgh Review* on BROWNING'S insight into human character. The reviewer prefers a poet who paints ideal types, and represents humanity in elevated forms. There was a writer once named SHAKESPEARE, who drew a good many portraits of depraved mankind, and no doubt the *Edinburgh* reviewer shudders at the mention of Iago, Iachimo, Macbeth, Richard III., Goneril and Regan, Claudius, Don John, and a whole host of villains and unpleasant members of society. This is what it is to be a superior literary moralist with a soul above human experience.

THE indefatigable MR. WALTER BESANT wants a National Academy of Letters. He has confided his desire to the editor of the *Daily Graphic*, in a column and a half of close print. Some of his arguments are valuable, for it is deducible from them that the institution of a National Academy of Literature might stimulate the three-volume novelist to an attempt to "jine his flats" in the not unimportant matters of syntax and plot. But MR. BESANT spoils his cause by his reference to Burlington House. It is true, no doubt, that most artists want to make themselves R.A.'s. But has the Royal Academy of Arts done anything for the promotion of English art that should entitle it to be cited as an example of what an Academy of Letters might do for literature? And if a Literary Academy could do no more for Letters than our Academy of Arts has done for painting and sculpture, has MR. BESANT, or anybody else, the ghost of a reason for proposing it?

"MY DEAR SIR," writes the correspondent who favoured us the week before last with an account of a visit he received from the clerical author of a treatise on "Habakkuk," "I regret to observe that THE SPEAKER is circulating in remote and unfamiliar parts of the country. This does me no good at all. I have been jumped upon this week by another of these touting parsons. He evidently read my amusing note (I wish I had never written it) in which I was imprudent enough to say that I had given half a crown (or was it three-and-six?) to a commercial cleric who came touting for orders for a book of his own about HABAKKUK, a prophet who—as I have since discovered—had so little of the social spirit that he damned at hazard 'him that giveth his neighbour drink.' Sir, those are the prophet's own words; though the parson who asked me to buy a book about him did not hesitate to drink my last glass of sherry.

"THIS other parson, as I said, evidently read my note to you (I hope, sir, you mean to pay me for these notes), for he writes me this week from a county of the very existence of which I was barely aware till I had looked it out on the map, to send him, by return of post, a trifle to mend the Saxon tower of his church. I never heard of his church before, it is improbable that I shall ever see it, and I doubt very much whether he himself knows if the tower of it is Saxon or not. As a newspaper editor, sir, you ought to know very nearly as much about architecture as I do, who am a novelist, and we could both of us tell this begging parson that the remnants of Saxon architecture are so few and insignificant that it is in the highest degree difficult to say what it was at all. Not one vestige of the superstructure of a Saxon church remains to us, and the very little we know of that style assures us it was so rude that we have small reason to regret its loss. In these circumstances, sir, ought I to send this parson a shilling, or snub him? I allow myself five shillings a month for charity. A bare shilling remains to me for October. And do, sir, stop that member of your staff who is writing that immoral 'Manual for Journalists.' He is causing Grub Street to be inundated with begging letters, though the truth is that, until THE SPEAKER was started, 'the cheques' never did 'come rolling in' at all."

MR. BEERBOHM TREE is of opinion that the playwrights of our day are of higher average excellence than their predecessors at any period. This is generous, and distinctly encouraging. But MR. TREE also says that he has recently read one hundred and fifty unacted plays, of which one, and one only, seemed suitable for presentation to a Haymarket audience. This is simply terrible. Yes, and it is perplexing, not to say paradoxical. How to reconcile that "higher average excellence" with this shocking total of one hundred and forty-nine unactable plays submitted to one unfortunate manager? MR. BEERBOHM TREE admits that few, very few, contemporary dramatists are capable of attaining any high degree of perfection in their art. It is the knowledge of stage-craft that fails them. But if out of one hundred and fifty writers of plays, only one shows a decent familiarity with the requirements of the stage, where does that "higher average excellence" come in, seeing that a playwright, as such, is "excellent" only in so far as his plays are fit for the stage?

HOWEVER, let us go as far as we can on the road with MR. TREE, for we are certainly not in a position to contemplate with equanimity the dramatic damnation of one hundred and forty-nine writers of plays. It is the knowledge of stage-craft that is wanting. Given that knowledge, the one hundred and forty-nine unactables might cherish hopes of being acted. But this knowledge of the technical needs of the stage is by no means easily acquired by the amateur. There is, however, someone who can help him considerably. It is the intelligent theatrical manager himself. Now why does not MR. BEERBOHM TREE start a course of afternoon lectures at the Haymarket on the construction of plays from the strictly theatrical (which is to say, in this connection, from the scientific) point of view? The idea is practical and practicable. The playwrights who *have* succeeded might assist MR. TREE. MR. GILBERT, MR. PINERO, and MR. GRUNDY could say something on the subject which would be worth listening to. At a pinch, M. SARDOU (who knows a thing or two in stage-craft) might be fetched over from Paris. He would probably lecture in French, but that language presents no insuperable difficulties to the makers of English plays.

OUR Oxford correspondent writes:—"The tale of elections to the Hebdomadal Council is now complete. In some quarters the result has been heralded as a Conservative victory. Residents in Oxford can only regard such announcements with amusement. It is only the love of a nomenclature, which has served its turn, that makes men use the words Conservative and Liberal in the matter of Academic politics. There are, it is true, men who wish to preserve, and

men who wish to change; but the one are not unanimous as to what they wish to keep, and the others are not agreed as to what they wish to change.

"THE University contains a small party devoted to the cause of the endowment of research. These would describe themselves as earnest and as Liberal. Their aim is to specialise education, and put teaching in the hands of the professors. Besides this, there is the party of popularisation, devoted to the cause of University Extension, and opening out the benefits of University education. These also regard themselves as Liberal, but their views are not harmonious with those of the researchers. As to Conservatives, there can be few left who think that the University will ever again be exclusively clerical. The port-wine heroes of a past generation no longer exist, for the modern Fellow has no digestion worth the name. There are even said to be some so-called Conservatives who would raise no outcry at the abolition of Greek. It is difficult, then, to classify the resident Members of Congregation into two distinct parties.

"A STATUTE has been proposed for admitting women to the examination for the degree of Bachelor of Medicine. Under this they would not be required to submit themselves to previous tests, such as Responsions, required of male undergraduates. Last Tuesday PROFESSOR CASE strove to rectify the omission by an amendment that women should so submit themselves. This amendment was thrown out by a single vote. It is true that women cannot become Bachelors of Medicine. They, however, derive benefit from passing the examination, and therefore it seems natural that they should be required to pass previous examinations required of men by the University, instead of leaving the question of tests to the delegates of local examinations, as the proposed Statute provides.

"IT has been proposed to relieve the Proctors of the work of taking the names and fees of candidates for University examinations by appointing a permanent secretary for the purpose. It has also been proposed to relieve them of some of their salaries. Proctors are appointed, not because of their fitness for their office, but because they are of a statutable age, and belong to that College whose turn it is to appoint them. They sometimes, therefore, make a muddle of their duties, especially in regard to taking names for examinations. The worst Proctor, however, is a man, and likes his salary in full.

"A MORE original proposal for apportioning a Proctor's salary to his performance of his duties was made by DR. CHASE of St. Mary's Hall. He has noticed with pain a tendency on the part of Proctors to avoid the University sermons at which Proctors ought to attend and support the Vice-Chancellor. There is a well-known story of the ancient Bedell who said that he had attended these sermons for twenty years, and yet thanked his Maker that he was still a Christian. DR. CHASE differs from the Bedell. He would mulct the Proctor who was backward in his attendance."

MR. and MRS. STANLEY set sail on Wednesday for the New World, and MR. A. J. MOUNTENEY-JEPHSON—most faithful of henchmen—followed in their train. MR. TROUP may anticipate a lively time when the great man lands in triumph. Meanwhile, MR. MOUNTENEY-JEPHSON'S book, "Emin Pasha and the Rebellion at the Equator," is published to-day; and we notice that MRS. STANLEY has enriched its pages with a few charming drawings, and that her husband has added a characteristic "prefatory letter." MR. STANLEY denounces with just wrath the "cloud of advertising impostors," who will doubtless "buzz around your book as they have buzzed around mine on both sides of the Atlantic with unauthorised imitations." He is of opinion that the want of an International Copyright Law was never more apparent than in JEPHSON'S case. "A thousand pounds sterling was paid on your behalf for the privilege of assisting in the relief or rescue of EMIN PASHA, and you gave three years and three months of your life towards effecting whatever was needed to place a worthy man out of danger. And yet the narrative of your experiences, which might return you, perhaps, some part of your outlay in pecuniary value over and above the cost of publication, cannot be published in America with any profit to yourself unless you become an American citizen, or an American citizen joins with you in writing it. What a commentary on the Copyright Laws!" MR. STANLEY concludes, in view of such a dilemma, that there must be something in the existing law—or want of law—hostile alike to common sense and common honesty. The first edition of MR. JEPHSON'S book was exhausted several days in advance of publication. It is a vigorous, modest, and picturesque record.

ACCORDING to MR. ZADKIEL, whose new Almanac is already published, 1891 is to be "the Year of War and Discord." Crowned heads especially, and royal princes, are down for a very lively time in his pages. For instance, the Duke of Clarence and Avondale is warned to avoid dangerous places in January, "or he may meet with an accident;" the "King of Portugal will be in trouble" towards the end of February; in March the Czar and the Pope will fare as badly, and the Sultan's turn comes in April. In August the French President will find his position a thorny one, and will be in personal danger, while "a certain Royal Duke is warned to avoid unhealthy places." In September the Czar will have another bout, and "feel the sting of Saturn" (whatever that may be), while Saturn also afflicts a "certain popular Duchess." The King of Italy, too, is to have a severe time in September, and will find "his plans thwarted, his health failing, and his treasury depleted." URANUS manages this. He and the Sultan will each have a second innings in October, while the Czar goes in a third time, getting sore straits and torment at home and abroad off his own bat. However, the Sultan will be plagued by Saturn (*ce gaillard Saturn est capable du tout*) in November, and find in December that "horror on horror's head accumulates," so that he may be said to have won, after a spirited finish, by a short (crowned) head. December is a very brisk month. The King of Portugal "also participates in the scourge of old Kronos;" the rulers of Saxony and Greece meet with trouble and illness; and "a certain royal personage" with some grief or trouble.

THERE is some comfort, however. In May, "Venus passing through the sign Aries, and a morning star, shedding her benefic influence on Great Britain, and Jupiter being elevated above all the other heavenly bodies at the moment of a new moon at London, we may confidently expect a calm and business-like spirit to prevail in the House of Commons, and legislation in the direction of reform." So the General Election will be in the early spring after all. Also single ladies whose birthday anniversary falls on the 24th or 25th of July will receive offers of marriage.

WHILE on the subject of ZADKIEL, we may insert here a piece of information not included in our

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

"Literary Aspirant's Manual." It is a commonplace that Venus, in benefic aspect with the moon, is favourable for marrying, or engaging maid-servants; Mars, for consulting surgeons, or dealing with martial men; Jupiter, for opening shops; and Saturn, for dealing with elderly people and miners. But the day for seeking literary employment with success is not so widely known. It occurs only when Mercury smiles on the Moon, and even then it is important to see that the desired benefic aspect be "applying" and not "separating," and that the Moon be not in Conjunction, Square, or Opposition with either Mars, Saturn, or Uranus; and neither the Moon nor Sun in the place held by a malefic planet at the time of birth. The chance will not be visible to literary aspirants, at Greenwich, next year.

A DRAWN GAME.

HERE is a story containing two ghosts and a moral. I found it down in our port, only last week, in front of a hump-backed cottage that the masons are pulling down to make room for the new Bank. Simon Hancock, the outgoing tenant, had fetched an empty cedar-cask, and set it down on the opposite side of the road; and from this Spartan seat watched the work of demolition for three days, without exhaustion and without emotion. In the interval between two avalanches of dusty masonry, he spoke to this effect:—

Once upon a time the cottage was inhabited by a man and his wife. The man was noticeable for the extreme length of his upper lip and gloom of his religious opinions. He had been a mate in the coasting trade, but settled down, soon after his marriage, and earned his living as one of the four pilots in the port. The woman was unlovely, with a hard eye, and a temper as stubborn as one of St. Nicholas's horns. How she had picked up with a man was a mystery, until you looked at *him*.

After six years of wedlock, they quarrelled one day, about nothing at all: at least, Simon Hancock, though unable to state the exact cause of strife, felt himself ready to swear it was nothing more serious than the cooking of the day's dinner. From that date, however, the pair lived in the house together and never spoke. The man happened to be of the home-keeping sort—possessed no friends and never put foot inside a public-house. Through the long evenings he would sit beside his own fender, with his wife facing him, and never a word flung across the space between them, only now and then a look of cold hate. The few that saw them thus said it was like looking on a pair of ugly statues. And this lasted for four years.

Of course the matter came to their minister's ears—he was a "Brianite"—and the minister spoke to them after prayer-meeting, one Wednesday night, and called at the cottage early next morning, to reconcile them. He stayed fifteen minutes and came away, down the street, with a look on his face such as Moses might have worn on his way down from Mount Sinai, if only Moses had seen the devil there, instead of God.

At the end of four years, the neighbours remarked that for two days no smoke had issued from the chimney of this cottage, nor had anyone seen the front door opened. There grew a surmise that the quarrel had flared out at last, and the wedded pair were lying within, in their blood. Gossip, with a fine sense of detail, soon began to assert that they had fought with boat-hooks, and fixed the duration of the struggle at half an hour. The anticipated excitement of finding the bodies was qualified, however, by a very present sense of the manner in which the bodies had resented intrusion during life. After all, there was just a chance that the man and woman were still able-bodied. It was not until sunset on the second day that the constable took heart to break in the door.

There were no corpses. The kitchen was tidy, the hearth swept, and the house empty. On the table lay a folded note, addressed, in the man's handwriting, to the minister.

"Dear Friend in Grace," it began, "we have been married ten years, and neither has broken the other; until which happens, it must be hell between us. We see no way out but to part for ten years more, going our paths without news of each other. When that time's up, we promise to meet here, by our door, on the morning of the first Monday in October month, and try again. And to this we set our names"—here the two names followed.

They must have set out by night; for an extinguished candle stood by the letter, with inkpot and pen. Probably they had parted just outside the house, the one going inland up the hill, the other down the street towards the harbour. Nothing more was heard of them. Their furniture went to pay the quarter's rent due to the Squire, and the cottage, six months later, passed into the occupation of Simon Hancock, waterman.

At this point Simon shall take up the narrative:—

"I'd been tenant over there"—with a nod towards the ruin—"nine year an' goin' on for the tenth, when, on a Monday mornin', about this time o' year, I gets out o' bed at five o'clock an' down to the quay to have a look at my boat; for 'twas the fag-end of the Equinox, and ther'd been a 'nation gale blowin' all Sunday and all Sunday night, an' I thought she might have broke loose from her moorin's.

"The street was dark as your hat and the wind comin' up it like gas in a pipe, with a brave deal o' rain. But down 'pon the quay day was breakin'—a sort of blind man's holiday, but enough to see the boat by; and there she held all right. You know there's two postes 'pon the town-quay, and another slap opposite the door o' the 'Fifteen Balls'? Well, just as I turned to go back home-long, I see a man leanin' against thicky post like as if he was thinkin', wi' his back to me and his front to the 'Fifteen Balls,' that was shut, o' course, at that hour. I must ha' passed within a yard of en, an' couldn' figure it up how I'd a-missed seein' en. Hows'ever, 'Good mornin'!' I calls out, in my well-known hearty manner. But he didn' speak nor turn. 'Mornin'!' I says agen. 'Can 'ee tell me what time 'tis? for my watch is stopped'—which was a lie; but you must lie now and then to be properly sociable.

"Well, he didn' answer; so I went on to say that the 'Fifteen Balls' wudn' be open for another dree hour; and then I walked slap up to en, and says what the Wicked Man said to the black pig. 'You'm a queer Christian,' I says, 'not to speak. What's your name at all? And let's see your ugly face.'

"With that he turned his face; an' by the man! I wished mysel' further. 'Twas a great white face, all parboiled, like a woman's hands on washin' day. An' there was bits o' sticks an' chips o' sea-weed stuck in his whiskers, and a crust o' salt i' the chinks of his mouth; an' his eyes, too, glarin' abroad from great rims o' salt.

"Off I sheered, not azackly runnin', but walkin' pretty much like a Torpointer; an' sure 'nough the fellow stood up straight and began to follow close behind me. I heard the water go squish-squash in his shoon, every step he took. By this, I was fairly leakin' wi' sweat. After a bit, hows'ever, at the corner o' Higman's store, he dropped off; an' lookin' back after twenty yards more, I saw him standin' there like a dog that can't make up his mind whether to follow or no. For 'twas near daylight now, an' his face plain at that distance. Fearin' he'd come on agen, I pulled hot foot the few steps between me an' home. But when I came to the door, I went cold as a flounder.

"There the fellow was, standin' 'pon my door-step—wi' the same gashly stare on his face, and his lips a lead-colour in the light.

"The sweat boiled out o' me now. I quavered

like a leaf, and my hat rose 'pon my head. 'For the Lord's sake stand o' wan side,' I prayed en; 'do'ee now, that's a dear!' But he wudn' budge; no, not though I said several holy words out of the Mornin' Service.

"'Drabbet it!' says I, 'let's try the back door. Why didn' I think 'pon that afore?' And around I runs.

"There 'pon the back door-step was a woman, pretty well as gashly as the man. She was just a 'natony of a woman, wi' the lines of her ribs showin' under the gown, an' a hot red spot 'pon either cheek-bone, where the skin was stretched tight as a drum. She looked not to ha' fed for a year; an', if you please, she'd a needle and strip o' calico in her hands, sewin' away all the while her eyes were glarin' down into mine.

"But there was a trick I minded in the way she worked her mouth, an' says I, 'Missus Polwarne, your husband's a-waitin' for 'ee, round by the front door.'

"'Aw, is he indeed?' she answers, holdin' her needle for a moment—an' her voice was all hollow, like as if she pumped it up from a fathom or two. 'Then, if he knows what's due to his wife, I'll trouble en to come round,' she says; 'for this here's the door I mean to go in by.'"

But at this point Simon asserts, very plausibly, that she fainted; so it is not known how they settled it. Q.

[This story is true, as anyone who cares may assure himself by referring to Robert Hunt's "Drolls of the West of England," p. 357.]

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE "MAHOMET" CONTROVERSY.

SIR,—The irritation felt by certain sensitive Mussulmans regarding a possible production of Mr. Hall Caine's *Mahomet* would be just and excusable if the play in question involved such mockery of the prophet, and ridicule of the Mahommedan faith, as are hypothetically imputed to it. But it would be a pity indeed if Mr. Caine's play should be condemned upon the mere assumption that its public production must necessarily create ill-feeling amongst the body of our Mahommedan fellow-subjects, or be in any sense detrimental to Mahommedanism. Those who so readily pronounce judgment upon the play naturally view the matter as it affects their own susceptibilities. It appears to me, however, that they entirely lose sight of the powerful effect that such a play might have in rectifying and elevating the generally accepted opinion of the prophet and of Islamism in England. What is the popular notion of Mahomet? The mass of English people still believe him to have been an impostor. Some educating influence is surely needed to remove this belief. Such an influence, I believe, Mr. Caine's play would inevitably exercise.

Recently, while on a short visit to Mr. Hall Caine, I had the privilege of reading the *Mahomet* in manuscript, and I can strongly testify that, so far from doing any possible wrong to the faith of Mahommedans, or any injury to the drama of the time, the play is calculated to be of the greatest service to both. Without an inartistic adherence to the strict lines of history, it follows with reverent fidelity the great landmarks of the prophet's life. No dishonour is done by it to the character of Mahomet. He is treated throughout with the utmost insight and sympathy. No one could read the play—much less, I believe, could an audience witness its representation on the stage—without rising from it with higher thoughts of the purity and greatness of Mahomet, and a richer sympathy with the Mahommedan faith.

It also appears to me a grievous thing that a dramatic censorship which allows the performance of farces such as the *Pink Dominoes* and burlesques such as *Venus* should set its face rigidly against a serious subject treated with the seriousness, the good taste, and the learning which Mr. Caine has devoted to the dramatic delineation of the grand figure of the prophet.

ROBERT LEIGHTON.

North Lowestoft, October, 1890.

SIR,—It is very amusing to read Mr. Quilham's remark about me. I—an Indian Muslim, born and bred in Islam, surrounded from my very cradle by all these festivals and religious rites—not being "present at a celebration of the *Moharrem* festival!" This is really too much. Mr. Quilham misunderstands me. What I meant was this, that if the representation of Mohammed, Ali, Hasan, and Hosain is not thought a "mockery" at the celebration of *Moharrem*, why should it be thought so on an English stage? I shall never entertain the idea that an English author of rising fame or an English actor of the highest renown shall ever try "to mock" the Man who is loved and revered by 180 millions of the Muslims of India. Nay, I go a step further, and think that the British public would never take the drama in a humorous and comical light, but would look upon it with historically if not religiously reverential eyes.

I firmly believe that the production of the drama would have given an impetus to the cause of Islam, for which Mr. Quilham is so nobly working at Liverpool, and for which all the Muslims of India are so thankful to him.

As to painting and sculpture, I should like to point out that it is a very controversial point in the Muslim creed, and to dispose of it in a single line or two is rather absurd. He would be a very bold Muslim indeed who in these days would declare that pictures and statues are forbidden by Islam.—Yours truly,

25th October, 1890. AN INDIAN MUSLIM.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE.
Friday, October 31st, 1890.

FOR a lively subject of public discussion commend me, if you please, to the Modern Novel. Home Rule, or Bimetallism, or the Mar Peerage, are really not in it, by the side of the Novel, as a means of arousing all the most evil passions of our fallen nature. I know this to my cost; for have I not ventured, now and again, humbly to suggest in print this, that, or the other peculiarity, good, bad, or indifferent, about the Modern Novelist? To do so is to stir up a very hornets' nest about one's devoted head. No matter what you say of them, be it praise or blame, forth sally the Modern Novelists, *genus irritabile vatum*, from their lordly mansions or their lonely attics, as the case may be, to brandish their shillelaghs with a will and with one accord round the sacrilegious temples of the man who has ventured to frame a Proposition, *quelconque*, concerning their sacred persons. It isn't the nature of the Proposition the Modern Novelists object to: it's the fact that anybody should be so rude at all as to discuss them publicly. So whatever one says, they contradict it point-blank. You remark, for example, that English Fiction, nowadays, tends to be eminently respectable and just a trifle Philistine: they fling in your face Ouida, and Miss Broughton, and Mr. George Moore, nay, even, perhaps, the immortal author of "Richard Feverel." You suggest, *per contra*, that English Fiction nowadays runs somewhat towards the bloodthirsty: they indignantly inquire whether you consider Mrs. Oliphant's a gladiatorial style, and whether you regard Dr. George Macdonald's unsullied muse as alternatively oscillating between the sensuous and the sanguinary? I know their ways. They object to be spoken about. There's a divinity doth hedge a Novelist, in his own conceit. Why, I'm sure some offended romancer will write to-morrow to the *Pall Mall Gazette* anent this very screed, to complain that I've called all his *confrères* hornets.

Nevertheless, undeterred by experience—for the whish of the shillelagh is dear to my own heart too, and when there's fun to the fore I like to be in it—I'm going to speak once more with unbated breath upon that trebly tabooed subject. And since the Modern Novelist, when he puts on his war-paint, refuses to admit his younger brother to the honours of the confraternity, I should like to premise beforehand that I speak in this matter as a pure Outsider, not as one who has himself endeavoured to scale the lower slopes of that Parnassian Mount whose topmost peak is crowned by the temple of the Mudies. I look at the Modern Novelist from without, not from within: I approach him timidly as critic, in the becoming spirit of admiring interest, not audaciously as fellow-craftsman, in the arrogant spirit of introspective analysis. And so much I say first, because I know I shall

get it hot all the same for this present *causerie:* my body will be tossed on many a Hampstead spear: triumphant dances will be executed over my lifeless limbs in many a lordly hall of the Row and Piccadilly.

Now, the proximate occasion of this particular outburst is simply a criticism—a very well-written and able criticism—of a book of Guy de Maupassant's, by a most rising writer in an evening paper. I don't know whether all the world has yet spotted that rising writer; but if it hasn't, you may be sure it will yet hear more of him. *Il ira loin:* he has the right stuff in him. However, be that as it may—you see, I am exercising the privilege of the *causeur*, by rambling on, irresponsible, whither my subject takes me—this able young writer remarks (what we have all of us been told a thousand times before—*rien de nouveau, ça*) that Guy de Maupassant knows his trade, and that other French novelists know their trade too; and, by implication, that the English Novelist doesn't know his, and hasn't the slightest idea of his own in the world how his books should be written.

Well, of course, we all admit that for knowledge of *technique*, and for the art of producing a desired effect, just so much and no more, in the aptest phrases, within the justest limits, upon a cultivated reader, Guy de Maupassant's style is well-nigh perfect. He knows his trade. Yes, decidedly he knows it. He has studied to a nicety the art of construction and the art of presentation, on the particular scale of canvas on which he usually labours. So much, granted. But is it so certain, on the other hand, that the English Novelist, because he isn't a De Maupassant, or a Daudet, or a Bourget, is therefore ignorant of his own trade under its own conditions? I trow not: and I'm going to defend the British Novelist from this cruel imputation—in a way that I know will make the British Novelist's flesh creep: will rouse him to come forth in his thousands on the war-path and scarify me. Not a bone in my body will be left unbroken by this time next week. But, in spite of torture, I will natheless tell the simple truth. The British Novelist knows his trade thoroughly. He knows it down to the ground. He knows it as well as any other artificer. And it is just because he knows it that he is not a De Maupassant.

For the British Novelist is in point of fact a most cautious tradesman. He is a journeyman labourer who works for Mr. Mudie. The divine and impassive laws of Supply and Demand regulate his output just as truly as they regulate the output of the collier or the shoemaker. The public requires of the novelist a particular kind of literary ware; and the novelist makes haste to supply it, strictly according to pattern. I know, of course, that British Novelists won't relish this apology—they will turn and rend me, their humble friend. But it is true for all that. Some months since, I ventured to state, in my innocence, in these columns that British fiction exhibited as a whole a marked tendency towards the unnecessary effusion of blood, which tendency envisaged itself to my mind as the natural outcome of a period of national filibustering and South African land-grabbery. It never for a moment occurred to me, in such philosophic vein, to blame the individual novelists for this unhappy result. As soon might one think of blaming M. Pinet for the high-heeled shoes, or Mr. Peter Robinson for the pinched-in waists, of our fashionable young ladies. But an angry brother wrote to THE SPEAKER at once to disclaim all connection with so miserable a wretch, who accused his betters of pandering to the vile tastes of a degraded Demos. As if it were any use trying to force High Art, like brimstone and treacle, down the throats of the people! The calm observer of political economy sees, everywhere and always, in the product supplied a mere gauge and index of the effective demand. The public buys what books it likes and what books it wants. Producers may go on producing high-class works of art, against the public taste, till all's blue; if the public doesn't want them, the public will leave them, and producers may starve at their leisure, if they will, in their own High Art garrets.

It is unreasonable, therefore—nay, more, untradesmanlike—to blame the British Novelist for not turning out masterpieces of consummate finish and exquisite workmanship. The plain truth is, his public doesn't want them. What he has to do is rather to fling his book point-blank at the head of Mr. Mudie's erubescent young person. I don't mean merely that he must respect the proprieties: that is a small matter: great works may be written which never for one moment in any way offend the delicate perceptions of Mr. Podsnap. But he must everywhere and always keep distinctly in view the ideas, impressions, wishes, and beliefs of Mr. Mudie's unsophisticated young person. He must always be asking himself—in an undertone as he writes—"How would that young lady like me to make Ethel behave?" or, "What will be her opinion of Claude's conduct in this difficult and delicate matter?" "Will she refuse to read me in future because I have killed off Gwendoline? or will she think it so sweet of me to have married Hugh after all in the third volume to the faded remains of the Colonel's sister?" Not life as he knows it and sees it and feels it himself, but life as he understands the young lady to know it and see it—within her limited experience—that is what the British Novelist is always trying his hardest to delineate. Sentimentalism and romanticism are the breath of his nostrils. He moves ever in fetters, supplied him by girls from eighteen to thirty. That temple of the Mudies, whereof I spoke anon, is indeed a Parthenon. The last thing on earth our Novelist would ever dream of doing is "trusting the intuitions of his own genius," and writing the sort of book he would really like to write for men and women. I suspect that one such attempt would spoil any popular favourite's market for ever. Readers would say they could never look again at another novel by that horrid Mr. What's-his-name, whose hero was a man, and whose heroine talked the plain sensible English of everyday society.

Why is it otherwise in France? Well, for many reasons. In the first place, the French novelist isn't obliged to address himself mainly to girls of eighteen or upwards: he writes for men and women, and he depicts the world as men and women find it. His canvas is not arbitrarily settled for him at three volumes: he chooses the scale and the mode of presentation that best suits his picture. He doesn't have to run through "serial issue," where he must suit the tastes of syndicate editors, and invariably keep the interest just at boiling point at the abrupt end of each weekly instalment. Above all, he addresses, not a local audience, but the cultivated world: his clients are scattered about over Europe and America: they have taste enough to appreciate the delicacy of his workmanship, and sympathy enough to encourage him by their criticism to the putting forth in their full of his own highest powers. Of course, an Englishman, if he had the genius—and I suppose even Mr. Frederic Harrison would admit there may be genius still in the land of Shakespeare and Milton, of Scott and Shelley, of Thackeray and Meredith—of course an Englishman could do the same thing in his own tongue, if only he cared to do so. But nobody would read him. His book would fall flat as a pancake at Mr. Mudie's. So he writes, instead, what he feels sure will pay: and for a very good reason—because he knows his business.

GRANT ALLEN.

REVIEWS.

AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND DIARIES OF SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, FIRST EARL OF IDDESLEIGH. By Andrew Lang. Two vols. Blackwood & Sons. 1890.

GREAT expectations were justly excited by the announcement of a Life of Lord Iddesleigh from the pen of Mr. Andrew Lang; nor, so far as Mr. Lang himself is concerned, have those expectations been disappointed by the result. The story told in the two volumes before us is admirable in form, and the preliminary chapter, in which Mr. Lang gives us the conception he has formed of Lord Iddesleigh's character, is as dainty and capable a piece of criticism as we have met with for many a long day. Where Mr. Lang has fallen short is in his criticism upon political events; but he apologises so frankly for his ignorance of such matters, that we have no right to find fault with him for defects which may be said, in the French phrase, to be those proper to his qualities. If, in spite of the literary skill and the undeniable care with which the book is written, it is not so full of interest as many other biographies, the fault does not lie with the biographer, but with the subject. Lord Iddesleigh—or, as we all would prefer to call him, Sir Stafford Northcote—was a man of the highest moral worth. Hardly any leading politician of our times has succeeded in winning the respect and confidence of his political opponents so fully as he did; and that confidence and respect were inspired, not by any weakness in his grasp of his own principles, but by a character which was at once simple and noble, free from those small vanities and meannesses which so often mar the greatness even of those whom the world esteems its greatest. His family may well cherish an enthusiastic affection and respect for his memory. That, however, is what the families of men of much smaller distinction are happily in many cases permitted to feel for those whom they have lost. The distinguishing feature in the case of Sir Stafford Northcote is that his fellow-countrymen as a whole share the feelings of his own children. "We are all proud of him" are words which are strictly applicable to the subject of Mr. Lang's memoir.

And yet a vague sense of dulness pervades the mind after reading this book. How is this? In part it is due to the extraordinary and, as we think, extreme, reticence of the biographer. No letters addressed to Northcote by the many eminent men with whom he was associated in public life are given. We get here and there a peep at Disraeli or Gladstone, but never an insight into their minds, never so much as a gleam of light upon their relations with Northcote himself. No doubt in these days, when so many biographers turn even the most secret and confidential letters to public use, this is a virtue. But it is a virtue which has been carried to an excess, and which is exercised at the cost of the memoir. Then, again, on those matters connected with Northcote's career regarding which the public is necessarily most anxious to know something, the biographer, if not absolutely silent, is sternly reticent. There was only one really dramatic episode in his life. It was his dismissal from the present Ministry, and the tragical death which immediately followed that shameful act. Mr. Lang tells us not a word on this subject which all the world did not know already, and he seems to have been far more anxious to spare the living than to make the truth known regarding the dead. Here again we must not blame the biographer. It is the generosity of Northcote's family, their freedom from any small desire for personal revenge, that has imposed silence upon Mr. Lang. Yet, admirable as their motives are, they have erred in stifling that last dramatic chapter in their kinsman's life. For the result is that the book is incomplete. That chapter must be written some day if the world is to be enabled to form a final judgment on Sir Stafford Northcote's career. In its present form his biography is like a novel which is broken short before its *dénouement*. The pen of the writer is stayed at the very moment when the culminating point of his narrative is reached. Last of all, in accounting for the comparative dulness of the book, is the fact that Northcote himself was not a brilliant man. There is no sparkle of genius in the letters and diaries from which so many quotations are made. Like the man himself, they are simple, clear, honest, and prosaic; and to be prosaic for a space of some hundreds of pages is to be undeniably dull.

Few men, up to that last chapter in his history, had better reason to be satisfied with their experiences in political life than Stafford Northcote. Of good family, of fair fortune, and gifted with very considerable abilities, he was happy enough to fall into his right place almost as soon as he had entered Parliament. His early connection with Mr. Gladstone was a supreme stroke of luck for him. It was not merely that contact with the great statesman taught Northcote much which he never forgot. Perhaps it is only natural that his biographer should seek to minimise the extent of Mr. Gladstone's influence over Northcote; but no one who watched the latter during his political career can doubt that his inspiration was drawn largely from the man whom it was his duty to oppose. It was not, however, Mr. Gladstone's influence, but Mr. Gladstone's antagonism, which was of such enormous value to Northcote. When the latter entered Parliament, the reputation of Mr. Gladstone as a heaven-born financier was at its highest point. Mr. Disraeli, whose knowledge of figures hardly went beyond the rule of three, had failed conspicuously in the post in which his Liberal rival had achieved his greatest triumph. Every Conservative felt that if the Tory party were not to be utterly wrecked, some man with a knowledge of finance must be found on the Tory benches. At that moment Northcote appeared upon the scene. Eton and Oxford had known him, as they had known Mr. Gladstone before him; he had been the private secretary of the Liberal Chancellor of the Exchequer; he had a marvellous fluency in speech, which to the dull country squires seemed to be akin to the eloquence of his old chief, and he could offer a criticism on a Budget which, at all events, no mocker on the Liberal side could turn to ridicule. Is it surprising that the rank and file of the party believed that they had found the very man they wanted—a Tory Gladstone? Mr. Disraeli, of course, knew better. But he, also, had found the very man he was looking for—a lieutenant whose loyalty and whose lack of genius were equal recommendations. So with surprising rapidity Northcote took his place among the leading members of the Conservative party in the House of Commons. Happily, both for his party and the country at large, he had those great moral qualities which, though they had nothing to do with his early promotion, enabled him to become a real power in the State. Englishmen would always rather follow a dull man of good character than a brilliant genius who lives in open defiance of moral law. So Northcote, in spite of his undeniable dulness, came to be looked upon with confidence and admiration by a great party, and with respect by the nation as a whole.

It was a triumph of character, and for once Virtue was not left to be its own reward. That in course of time, when young men like Mr. Arthur Balfour and Lord Randolph Churchill were eagerly pushing their way to the front places in their party, they should be inclined to gird at the position which Northcote had acquired, was only natural. Nor would it be fair to blame a man of Lord Randolph Churchill's temperament, because he was altogether unable to appreciate the character and the qualities of Sir Stafford Northcote. He acted according to his lights. The real shame of the last chapter in Lord

Iddesleigh's life rests, not with Lord Randolph, but with Lord Salisbury, who sacrificed an old and loyal friend and colleague in order to gain that which proved to be only a momentary advantage for himself. It was a contemptible piece of treachery, and the manner in which it was carried out was almost brutal. It brought its own punishment upon the man who was guilty of it—a punishment which is not yet exhausted—whilst Lord Iddesleigh himself, fortunate in death as he had been in life, was spared alike the pain of an old age of obscurity and the pangs of slow disease. He died loved by every Englishman, and followed to the grave by the remorseful regrets of not a few of those who had once claimed to be his truest friends.

IN DARKEST ENGLAND.

In Darkest England and the Way Out. By General Booth. London: International Quarters of the Salvation Army, 101, Queen Victoria Street, E.C. 1890.

There is a story current in one of our University towns of an old lady who summed up her views of the Darwinian theory thus: "My dear, I don't believe it is true; and if it is, it ought to be hushed up." There is still, in spite of Sweating Commission reports, in spite of hundreds of lectures, speeches, and newspaper articles, a considerable group of middle-class people who regard the "Condition of the Poor" question in very much the same spirit. They desire to disbelieve the facts if they can, and in any case not to think about them. This attitude does not arise from mere indifference so much as from the vague, secret conviction that the wrongs can never be put right, or can only be put right by a violent reconstitution of society, involving loss and discomfort to themselves. To readers of this stamp, Mr. Charles Booth's valuable work upon Life and Labour in East London, with its careful tabulation, its elaborate inquiries, and its deliberate avoidance of anything beyond a hint as to remedies, was a book to be carefully avoided. But the Dock Strike has happened since that book was published, and there has been a considerable awakening on the public's part. Now comes General Booth with not only a picture of "the Darkness," but also a promise of "the Deliverance," and offers to these practical pessimists a sort of bridge of escape. His first part, dealing with the components of that "submerged tenth" which is the despair of the philanthropist, the trade unionist, and the social reformer, is valuable chiefly for the clearness with which it shows that not only the vicious and degraded, or the children of the vicious and degraded, are to be found in that terrible circle. It is not only the loafer by choice, the inveterate drunkard, and the wilful criminal who go ragged and hungry and shelterless in every town of this country; and it is important to keep this fact well in remembrance, since it makes the task of rescue at once more urgent and more hopeful.

To the many men and women of all ranks who are already busy with work among working people and among the "residuum," the first part of "In Darkest England" is altogether superfluous. They know that General Booth, true to the intention of his preface, has by no means overstated the horrors of life for the poorest among us. They, too, will be ready out of their experience to agree in the conclusion to which experience has brought him—namely, that moral and mental progress are impossible for this class without improvement or alteration in their physical conditions. Shelter, food, work—these needs must be met first of all; and unless these three necessities can be provided for every man, woman, and child who is now without them, our good works, our organisations, our clubs, our trade unions are built not upon solid foundations, but upon a shifting and bottomless morass. That is the opinion of General Booth after twenty-five years of unremitting and far-reaching toil in the work of regeneration. It is an opinion in which every other worker in that field who is not blind to all beyond his own little panacea will concur.

Can we provide shelter, food, and work for all, effectively and permanently; or will the attempt merely result in an eventual aggravation of the evil? That surely is a question upon the answer to which the whole survival of our social system depends. If it need be, let us face the worst and find some quicker method than starvation to end the miseries of those who had better not have been born. But before we come to that desperate conclusion, we may fairly consider the scheme which a man of practical experience puts before us. In its main feature, General Booth's scheme is not new. It consists, he says, "in the formation of these people into self-helping and self-sustaining communities." The industrial home colony is a notion familiar to all who have considered the matter as the likeliest solution—or preliminary to the solution—of the question of the unemployed. The practical difficulty has lain in finding men, money, and organisation for anything but a State scheme. General Booth, however, has the organisation, a band of experienced men and women, and a proportion of the money. Finally, he and his officers can and do reach that lowest stratum which most other agencies fail to touch. Here are great advantages at the outset.

The first stage would be shelters where food and lodging would be provided for a small price or in return for a definite (and fair) equivalent of work. Connected with the shelters would be a labour bureau and industrial workshops. All these do in fact exist already; the shelters receive thousands of outcasts, whose behaviour in them and in the workshop is good. The shelters just about cover their cost by the sale of food. The factories, though "permanent institutions," will not be anything more than temporary resting-places for those who avail themselves of their advantages. They will *not* undersell existing industries—a most important point. The constantly accumulating surplus labour would be passed on from the town to a farm colony, the details of which cannot be examined here at length; and, finally, a carefully prepared over-sea colony would be established, to which colonists who desired to go, and were considered suitable, would be taken in a specially built, comfortable, but probably rather slow ship, the passengers on which would not be idle during their passage, but occupied. In none of these institutions would intoxicating drink be allowed, and in none would there be any sort of religious compulsion.

There are many minor branches of work of great interest, but these are the great main lines. It remains to be seen, first, whether the people concerned would accept the scheme; secondly, whether discipline could be maintained; thirdly, whether money can be raised. As to the first two questions, experience in some degree answers. The people *do* come to the Salvation Army's establishments, and they *do* behave well in the shelters and the workshops. Those who best know the poorer working class of the country will be the least likely to despair on these points. A group of poorer English men and women are easily led by a leader who instils regularity and order, and of whose hearty goodwill to them they are assured. Organisation is in the English blood; and the rougher East End crowd has orderly elements ready to respond at once to the word of command from men and women whom they know and trust. Only the crowd must be sober; and that which its leader preaches must be hope. As to the money, some portion has come in already; and if this is used, as it will be, in making a visible beginning, there will be plenty of persons troubled in their conscience who will be ready to give more. Let us give General Booth money and five years for his experiment. At the end of that time it will be clear enough whether or no the best thing which we can provide for the unemployed is a lethal chamber.

PROFESSOR MARSHALL'S "PRINCIPLES OF ECONOMICS."

PRINCIPLES OF ECONOMICS. By Alfred Marshall. Vol. i. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

IF we have not noticed Professor Marshall's book sooner, it is from no failure to recognise its merits, or intention to pass over a book of a distinctly unusual character. For years it had been known that he was busy upon a work for which "The Economics of Industry," his excellent manual, was a preparation; and those who knew his ability, his unwearied patience, and interest in economical questions, expected much. Nor have they been disappointed. He has read all that has been written here and abroad on his almost limitless theme. From all quarters he has taken hints. Thünen and Cournot are as familiar to him as Ricardo or Mill; and there is no striving after that easily attainable form of originality—nowhere more common or more mischievous than in political economy—the secret of which is imperfect knowledge of what others have done. Professor Marshall has always what Bayle called *une oreille pour l'accusé;* he is as ready to be instructed by heretical as orthodox economists. It was characteristic of most of the great investigators in the region of knowledge that they were men of affairs as well as students; so many of their successors are only the latter. They resemble too often botanists who have never seen plants except in a *hortus siccus*. They seem to be writing the grammar of a language which they cannot speak. If Professor Marshall has not entirely escaped the failings of the academic economist, he has been careful to avoid them, and has sedulously gleaned information from the lips of men of affairs in all quarters. These are rare and precious virtues; and in our criticism we have no desire to withdraw in detail or fritter away the praise which the book merits. Let there be no mistake, however, as to our opinion of its position. It neither initiates a new line of thought, like Professor Jevons's works, nor is it likely to be accepted by most persons, as Mr. Mill's "Principles" were for so long a period, as a lucid exposition of the best teaching of the time. It is pre-eminently a work of transition—a bridge between the past and a future still undefined; an exposition of eclecticism which is not the last word on any of the great controversies, but is to be welcomed cordially in the present state of economical literature. Not only does it leave the doctrines of Political Economy in a fluid state; it is, in truth, a capitulation. Professor Ingram's indictment of Political Economy is less formidable in some ways than Professor Marshall's explanation of the science, and we can well understand Mr. Hyndman's delight in reading some passages in this volume.

Mr. Mill put in the front of his book "the intention to introduce a wider range of ideas and topics than are included in Political Economy considered as a home of abstract speculation." Still further along the same road travels Professor Marshall; if he stops short of treating Political Economy as equivalent to sociology, we are not sure why. He is wholly dissatisfied with the attempt to construct an abstract science based on a hypothesis of an "economic man" persistently pursuing his pecuniary gain. The book is a long protest against this barren fiction. "In the present book," observes the author, "normal action is taken to be that which may be expected under certain circumstances from the members of an industrial group; and no attempt is made to exclude the influence of any motives, the action of which is regular, merely because they are altruistic." "An economic law is a statement that a certain course may be expected under certain conditions from the members of an economic group; and that action is the normal action of the members of an economic group." This is somewhat vague, and unfortunately the book does not remove all doubts as to the author's own ideas of the range of his subject. We have taken the trouble to analyse a few of the early chapters, and have failed to discern the exact boundaries the author has set for himself. At all events, understood as he views Political Economy, it gives great latitude to its expositors. There may be as many groups as the writer cares to note; there may be as many laws as there are groups, and such laws may be altogether inconsistent. The principle of continuity is declared to be the key-note of the book. Society is not divided in the sharp, clearly cut strata which economists describe. "There is a continuous gradation from the actions of city men, which are based on deliberate and far-reaching calculations, and are executed with vigorous ability, to those ordinary people who have neither the will nor the power to conduct their affairs in a business-like way." "As there is no sharp line of division between conduct which is normal and that which has to be provisionally neglected as abnormal, so there is none between normal value and 'current,' or 'market,' or 'occasional' values." All this is not new; but it is most true. It is also momentous; and none have been more prone to forget this, and to figure to themselves a world different from ours, than English economists. But if this be true, as we believe it to be, there must be a great change in the method of economical investigations—one still greater than any which this volume exhibits. By abstract reasoning we may understand the working of economic forces in certain special groups regulated by strictly business motives; in most fields only by patient observation can we arrive at the truth. "If we wish to make ourselves acquainted with the economy and arrangements by which the different nations of the world produce and distribute their revenue," said Richard Jones in a sentence often quoted, "I really know but of one way to attain our object, and that is, to look and see." The most obvious of methods, it is most rarely adopted. And yet it is the most fruitful; indeed, it is the only method which has been uniformly successful. Mr. Giffen's or Mr. Booth's investigations are worth acres of dissertation respecting the measure of value. Professor Marshall sets out, with clearness and ingenuity, the operations of supply and demand. He appends formulæ and graphic illustrations, but nothing comes of them. Most of the theories prove to be ornaments or pretty toys. The book would have been not a whit less valuable without them. Not the facile deductive method, but the slow operations of observation—above all, patient statistical inquiries—are most likely to be rewarded with success. Not from treatises attempting to embrace the whole subject of Political Economy, but from monographs, minute studies of minute parts, do we look for real progress. The great obstacle is the barren scholasticism, the fascinating logomachies, which have occupied so many generations.

How far does Professor Marshall conform to the plan which he traces? On the whole, well and faithfully. We miss sharpness and distinctness occasionally, and the discussion seems at times miles away from the world in which we live and move. But there is manifest a strenuous desire to study the facts carefully, even at the sacrifice of theoretical completeness. We might refer, as examples of this, to the discussions of wages and rent.

Professor Marshall makes use of mathematical symbols and reasoning freely. But he does not overrate their place; and on this subject he uses language which some of his friends would do well to meditate upon: "the chief use of pure mathematics in economic questions seems to be the helping a person to write down quickly, shortly, and exactly some of his own thoughts for his own use; and to make sure that he has enough, and only enough premisses for his conclusions. It seems doubtful whether anyone spends his time well in rendering lengthy translations of economic doctrine into mathematics that have not been made by himself." What a pity that those who profess to study economics in the spirit of Cournot, the greatest master of mathematical reasoning as applied to Political Economy, do not follow his example. In the "*Principles de la Théorie des Richesses*," mathematical method is abandoned.

Probably the most original parts of the volume are Book V., entitled "The Theory of the Equilibrium of Demand and Supply," and Book VI., entitled "Cost of Production Further Considered." The treatment of these subjects is at once careful and subtle. If we have any fault to find, it would be absence of clearness, a slight want of actuality, and the fact that the conclusions sometimes appear more matters of taste than of reasoning. We have applied to the volume a rigorous test. About its utility and opportuneness we have no doubt. It will help to break up the hard and fast formulæ of English economists. It will help to keep before us the fact that the problems of distribution are not to be solved without regard to the duties of man or the well-being of society. It is a step, and not a short one, towards the evolving of a true sociology, consistent with facts and not offensive to conscience, from a multitude of false doctrines so long accepted.

THE FOURTH GOSPEL.

Modern Criticism Considered in its Relation to the Fourth Gospel: being the Bampton Lectures for 1890. By H. W. Watkins, D.D., Archdeacon and Canon of Durham, and Professor of Hebrew in the University of Durham, etc. etc. London: John Murray. 1890.

The subject of these lectures is the criticism of the last seventy years in its bearing on the traditional view as to the genuineness and authenticity of the Fourth Gospel (p. x.), and the discussion closes with the triumphant question (pp. 410—11): "If all these clashing, contradicting, self-destroying, each-other-cancelling theories of 'our age' are now placed beside the calm and deliberate judgment of the second and all succeeding centuries, and with the positive judgment and knowledge of our own day, what is the effect? Is it less than to divide positive unity by a positive zero, and is not the result a positive infinity?" The answer, if answer were needed, is supplied on the margin: "The positive is to the negative criticism as $\frac{1}{0} = \infty$." This at the end of the seventh lecture. The reader who realises for the first time that he has been dealing with a mathematical demonstration will naturally turn back to verify his definitions. Perhaps he may think that in the circumstances these might have been laid down somewhere with greater clearness; still, Dr. Watkins cannot be blamed much for having assumed that we all know what the "calm and deliberate judgment of all the ages" has been. It is, he holds, that the Fourth Gospel was written by John the son of Zebedee, and that therefore every report in it must be taken as a *verbatim* report, and all its narratives accepted as literal objective records of pure historic fact. In other words, it is genuine, and, because genuine, authentic.

In giving this as his opinion Dr. Watkins is not unaware that a certain number of living scholars, such as Reuss, Holtzmann, Schürer, Weizsäcker, still hold by the negative criticism, but it seems that they may safely be treated as *quantités négligeables;* for the question is "largely a question of reputation," "it is impossible to look at opinions altogether apart from the personality of those who have formed them" (p. 350), and what is the reputation or the personality of these men? Besides, they are most of them foreigners, and why should we "import rushlights from abroad" as long as we have "sunlight at home"? (*See* p. 342.)

But Dr. Watkins himself imports some "rushlights from abroad," without, as we think, sufficiently realising their character. Indeed, we are surprised that he should have so completely failed to see how "negative" towards the traditional view are most of the foreign apologists of the last twenty years. As Dr. Schürer has remarked in his recently published lecture (1889) on the present state of the Johannine question, the controversy since 1867 has been marked by a steadily increasing *rapprochement* between the disputants. The conservative side has shown a growing readiness to acknowledge that the historical material in the Fourth Gospel has undergone profound modification by the "subjectivity" of the Evangelist, and that history was not a primary object with him. This being the case, it appears to us to be simply confusing to rank Luthardt and Beyschlag as supporters of the traditional view, after the former has expressly given up John's "strict faithfulness to external facts," and maintained that the Fourth Gospel is "not a photographic copy of the external reality," but an idealised picture (*see* p. 250 of the work, quoted at great length by Dr. Watkins), while the latter has said that "the manner in which Jesus spoke and preached can be learned authentically (*in urkundlich getreuer Weise*) only from the "synoptists" (*see* Vol. I., p. 131, of the "Life of Jesus," also referred to by Dr. Watkins). And it is worse than confusing to say of Weiss that his works form "one of the strongest presentations of the ancient view which have been written in modern times" (p. 324), when that author tells us that the discourses and dialogues of the Fourth Gospel were reconstructed from fragmentary recollections; that the form they took gradually became finer and finer as recollection became less accurate; that what holds good of the discourses holds good also to a certain extent with regard to the narrative part of the Gospel, and that prudence and caution require to be exercised in our valuation of it as history (*see* pp. 383—6 of the "Introduction," quoted by Dr. Watkins). In fact, the foreign apologists to whom Dr. Watkins points as helping to make up his "positive unity" for the traditional view argue that the Fourth Gospel is not quite authentic, and therefore must be quite genuine, because no one but an Apostle would have been allowed to take such freedoms with the history. The complete inversion of the old apologetic here involved is too obvious to need comment.

On this question we could have wished more "sunlight at home" from the eminent scholars to whom Dr. Watkins points with just pride. But Dr. Watkins himself makes a very considerable contribution where they have been hitherto silent, or nearly so. By far the most interesting and important paragraphs in the volume are those in the too short pages addressed to the problem of the acknowledged differences between the Fourth Gospel and the Synoptics. "The key to the Fourth Gospel lies in *translation*," he writes (p. 426). If, indeed, the question be asked, Translation from what? Dr. Watkins is not very explicit in his answer; but, doubtless, as the Synoptics also are translations, he means us to understand that the original is to be sought for in the kernel of primitive fact and tradition which underlies all four Gospels alike. But when it is further asked, Translation in what sense? his reply is perfectly frank and fearless. It is in the sense of "transmutation, reformation, growth; nor need we shrink from the terms development and evolution" (p. 426). It is not merely translation out of Aramaic into Greek that is meant. The distance in place and time from the original events has caused the accounts of them to be "transmuted," to be "re-formed," or re-shaped, or one might say, re-conceived to "grow;" they are "developed" and "evolved;" the old "moulds of thought," the old language and expression, had to be abandoned; the "moulds" used are no longer those which in their day were well enough suited for fishermen and peasants, Pharisees and priests, but such as are adapted to the needs of those who represent the meeting and the union of the philosophies of the East and of the West. Among the new "moulds of thought," or conceptions, that were absent from the original teaching, some are contributed by Paul, some by Philo, nor are elements of primitive Gnosticism and Montanism absent. Take, for example, the words *Monogenes, Exegetes, Logos, Paracletos*, especially the last two, and consider where they come from. "The doctrine of the Logos, the Divine Word, for example, does not seem to have been—in the form, at least, in

which it meets us in the Prologue of the Gospel—any part of the direct teaching of Jesus" (p. 440). And again: "It [the Gospel] must have had forms parallel to those of Gnostic and Docetic thought, for it was to meet these strivings after truth. Its doctrine of the Paraclete . . . was of especial necessity for a people who talked of Paracletes without knowing what meaning really underlay the words, and for a Church some of whom had not, up to St. Paul's visit, even heard that there was a Holy Ghost." Words of far-reaching suggestion! But can they really claim to be the echo of the "calm and deliberate judgment of the ages"?

Dr. Watkins seems to think that when he has said "translation" he has uttered the last word, and disposed of the whole subject. But if not improbably destined to prove the last in an old controversy, it is most certainly only the first in the new and fruitful discussion that must inevitably come after. For "translation" at once suggests the question—Cannot we translate back? Surely we may hope, if we but try, to be able to get back to something like the original, in some places at least. This is, in fact, what the so-called "negative" critics have most of them been trying to do, in their own helpless way, for many a day, without too much assistance or encouragement hitherto from the churches. They are all really more or less constructive in their instinct. Take, for example, the late Dr. Keim, to whom Dr. Watkins makes generous allusion, while regretfully placing him on the "negative" side; and the late Mr. Matthew Arnold, who supplies an effective motto for one of Dr. Watkins' lectures, and though not there classified, really ought to have been ranked, as he hoped one day to be (see the touching sentences at the close of his preface to "God and the Bible," 1875), among the conservative and religious forces of his time. Then further: If the Fourth Gospel be a translation, is it the only one? Is there any sense in which other translations, or (to take some synonyms that occur to us) "renderings," or "versions," or "readings" of the same theme are possible? Dr. Watkins seems to suggest in a passage of real eloquence, for which we cordially thank him, that there is (*see* pp. 448—55). Meanwhile, clearly what we have to do is to try to get to the original of the translation presently before us. There is no question of "attack," except in the sense in which every intellectual enterprise is an "attack" on the regions of the unexplored; it is simply that we have before us a new theological problem of first-rate dignity and importance. It will be the wisdom of all the churches to lose no time in casting about for the men best fitted by nature and habit for grappling with this problem, and to see that they have full freedom (this above all things), leisure, and command of every available resource for its thorough and speedy solution. The result, we are firmly persuaded, will be a great gain to religion as a living force in the world. But, whatever the result, the Christian conscience, if it is to remain Christian, cannot permanently refuse to accept any truth, whencesoever it may come. Truth is the word of God.

THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE.

The Civilisation of the Renaissance in Italy. By Jacob Burckhardt. Authorised translation by S. G. C. Middlemore. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1890.

Few periods of history have a greater fascination than this of the Italian Renaissance, and few offer so tempting a field to an historian in search of the picturesque. The imagination is vividly appealed to by the gigantic proportions of the men whose talents, ambitions, and crimes make these two centuries an epoch in the story of human nature. Much praise, therefore, is due to Dr. Burckhardt for the sobriety of his judgments and the accuracy of his statements; and this substantial volume will be read with advantage and interest by all who look more for careful reasoning than for brilliant word-painting and ingenious paradox. We feel, as we peruse it, that every word is well weighed, and can give ourselves up without misgiving to the enjoyment of this wonderful page of human thought and action.

Dr. Burckhardt has divided his subject into six parts, of which the first, called "The State as a Work of Art," treats of the tyrannies of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the republics, the foreign policy of the Italian States, their art of war, and finally contains an important chapter on the Papacy and the dangers it ran in the hands of such men as the Spaniard Borgia, quite typical in his cruelty and corruption, or the hated Medicean Pope Clement VII. This chapter is a valuable addition to Papal history, from the moderation of its tone and the comprehensive and philosophical spirit in which the actions of men, and the circumstances which determined them, are considered. The second and shortest part is "The Development of the Individual," on which the author lays great stress. He has one chapter on the many-sided men and the universal men, placing among the latter not only Dante and Leonardo da Vinci, but also Leon Battista Alberti, of whom he gives an interesting sketch; while among the former we find the large mass of educated men, especially among the highly developed Florentines. We are also shown how this extension of culture made men cosmopolitan, reconciled them to exile, and taught them to seek in wit and satire their most polished weapons. The notorious Pietro Aretino was a natural outcome in its most evil form of this development of personality and its attendant dangers. In the third part, on "The Revival of Antiquity," we come to a study of that influence which, as Dr. Burckhardt remarks, has, under the name of "new birth," been rather one-sidedly chosen to sum up the whole period. This influence of antiquity, though one of the greatest factors in this great intellectual revival, was not the only one; and Dr. Burckhardt emphatically declares, "We must insist upon it as one of the chief propositions of this book, that it was not the revival of antiquity alone, but its union with the genius of the Italian people, which achieved the conquest of the Western world." There is one chapter on the study of ancient buildings, especially the Roman ruins; another on the old authors, and on the mania for collecting books, which seems to have reached its height in the fifteenth century. This chapter contains some interesting particulars regarding the famous libraries of Nicholas V., of Cosimo de' Medici, and of Urbino, which latter is now in the Vatican. Then comes a very full account of humanism, and of the humanists—from their rise in the fourteenth, to their fall in the sixteenth century. Indeed, we may consider the reign of the humanists as co-extensive with the Renaissance itself. They were encouraged and patronised by the leading men of the time; and as results of their labours, we have a reproduction of antiquity in everything. Their correspondence is modelled on the letters of Cicero and Pliny; speeches in classical Latin, not only from professional orators, but from princes and Popes; satirical dialogues imitated from Cicero, and history written on the lines of Pliny; poetry, and every other form of literary production, all confront us as the result of this universal devotion to antiquity.

In the fourth part, entitled "The Discovery of the World and of Man," Dr. Burckhardt introduces us to the Italians as the most enterprising and successful of travellers, and as interested in natural science before all men of their time; he describes their love of Nature and delight in natural beauty, and ascribes to them the merit of having first observed and studied man in the completeness of his whole nature. Here there comes an account of dramatic writings and epic poetry, and the counter-reformation is held in part responsible for the absence of any striking

dramatic genius, for, as the author remarks, it would be hard to conceive of Shakespeare himself under a Spanish viceroy or in the neighbourhood of the Holy Inquisition at Rome. Other causes of this deficiency are to be found in the grandeur and costliness with which the Mysteries were represented in Italy—the same display and elaboration being later expended on the secular drama—so that the interest of the audience was drawn away from the play itself by scenic effects and brilliant intermezzi. It would be interesting to compare with this view the somewhat different one held on the same subject by Mr. Symonds. A most attractive chapter in this part is that on "Biography," in which the delightful autobiographies of Pius II., Benvenuto Cellini, Girolamo Cardano of Milan, and Luigi Cornaro of Padua, find a place. What is said of these two latter, will make many readers wish to peruse them for themselves. This part winds up with the account of many descriptions of cities and nations, of the descriptions of personal appearance in which the writers of the Renaissance excelled, and of what Dr. Burckhardt calls life in movement, or *genre*.

"Society and Festivals" is the subject of the fifth part, and many will turn to this with that lively interest which we all feel in what we can compare with our own daily life. The first chapter on the equalisation of classes is most interesting, as giving perhaps the true origin of the democratic nature of modern Italian society, in spite of much which would seem to tend in a different direction. Education, and not birth, was held in the fourteenth century as deciding a man's position in society; and the great houses, like the Medicis, the Estes, the Sforzas, sought a pre-eminence in culture as one of the best and surest claims for other pre-eminence. To this division of the subject belongs the development of the Italian language, which henceforth became the tongue written, as well as spoken, all over the Peninsula; and here also the author draws a comparison between the Italians and the ancient Greeks—especially the Athenians—in their search after elegance and purity of style. The physical and mental accomplishments of Italians in the sixteenth century, the charm and ease of social intercourse, the influential position held by women and their high level of culture, the wise and enlightened attention paid to domestic economy, are matters dealt with likewise in this part, which concludes with a somewhat less interesting chapter on Festivals, the only one perhaps in the book (and surely this is high praise) which we could have wished to be shorter.

Most noteworthy, on the other hand, is the sixth and last part, treating of "Morality and Religion"; and in all he says on this most difficult question Dr. Burckhardt's scrupulous impartiality and conscientiousness of judgment are much to be commended. That the result of his investigation is negative rather than positive, is owing to the nature of the subject and to his determination not to be tempted into deceptive generalisations. He describes the strange union of unbelief and of superstition to be found among the humanists and their followers, shows what a large share astrology and witchcraft had in the actions of men, and how paganised almost all religion had become. Into his answer to the questions, "Why did not Italy, intellectually so great, react more energetically against the hierarchy; why did she not accomplish a reformation like that which occurred in Germany, and accomplish it at an earlier date?" we have not space to enter.

But we may quote the following striking passage from his inquiry into the religious sense of the men of this period:—

> Since, again, the Italians were the first modern people of Europe who gave themselves boldly to speculations on freedom and necessity, and since they did so under violent and lawless political circumstances, in which evil seemed often to win a splendid and lasting victory, their belief in God began to waver, and their view of the government of the world became fatalistic. And when their passionate natures refused to rest in the sense of uncertainty, they made a shift to help themselves out with ancient, Oriental, or mediæval superstition. They took to astrology and magic. Finally, these intellectual giants, these representatives of the Renaissance, show, in respect to religion, a quality which is common in youthful natures. Distinguishing keenly between good and evil, they yet are conscious of no sin. Every disturbance of their inward harmony they feel themselves able to make good out of the plastic resources of their own nature, and therefore they feel no repentance. The need of salvation thus becomes felt more and more dimly, while the ambitions and intellectual activity of the present either shut out altogether every thought of a world to come, or else cause it to assume a poetic instead of a dogmatic form. When we look on all this as pervaded and often perverted by the all-powerful Italian imagination, we obtain a picture of that time which is certainly more in accordance with truth than are vague declamations against modern paganism. And closer investigation often reveals to us that underneath this outward shell much genuine religion could still survive.

This book is not an easy one to do justice to in a short notice; for while there is little of the fine writing which lends itself to quotation, it is so closely reasoned out, so full of well-digested matter, as to make it difficult to disconnect any passage from its context. But perhaps enough has been said to show that no one wishing to study this period of history should fail to read Dr. Burckhardt's work. The translation is readable, and carefully done; but here and there we find oversights and errors, chiefly typographical and in the Italian quotations, to be explained doubtless by the death of the translator about the time of the publication of the book. The rendering, too, of the proper names is confused, and often altogether erroneous; but this may be accounted for by the fact that they are generally Italian or Latinised names translated from the German form into an English one, and to do this accurately would need a very minute acquaintance with all the details of the subject.

PAINTING THE UNSEEN.

SOUL SHAPES. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1890.

IT is whispered that there exists a Soul Society, every member of which pledges himself by weighty oaths to lay bare his particular soul when so requested by a fellow-member. It is also whispered that as the most unpleasant results follow on an inspection of souls, there is no other society whose members so cordially hate and detest one another. The publication of this witty *jeu d'esprit* would probably prove the death-blow to the society, if those who belong to it had any sense of humour; but inasmuch as the society could never have been founded if they had, it will probably continue to attract politicians, scientists, and others of no little eminence.

The author of "Soul Shapes," who is rather too clever to be a man, divides souls into four classes—the Blue Soul, the Deep Soul, the Surface Soul, and the Mixed Soul. The blue soul possesses qualities that it is extremely unlikely any of THE SPEAKER'S readers lay claim to; we therefore pass to the other three. The surface soul is generally found among women, artists, actors, poets, and musicians; whereas the deep soul is common among men, and is rejoiced in by philosophers, scientific people, and philanthropists. The surface soul, says our author, is often supposed to be inferior to the deep soul, but this is not the case. "The fact is, you explore a surface soul as you do a country when you walk about on it, and if it is a fine soul you will probably find a great deal of variety, and much to delight the eye, and please the sense. You explore a deep soul, on the other hand, as you would a mine by digging down into it, and though you are likely to find a good deal of what the world calls solid worth, it is quite a matter of opinion which counts for most." To condense the book is to dull its meaning, and make nought its wit; but to enable our readers to judge what kind of souls they possess, it may be said that the surface soul is characterised by emotions that come from without and work downwards, and the deep soul by passions that come from within and work outwards; that the former is sensitive, impulsive, changeable, and versatile, the latter self-contained, firm, and concentrated. The following

description of the sentimentalist is a good specimen of the author's wit:—

Page 23:—"These little coils [the emotions] appear to come from without and work downwards, and when they are large, to work down into a soul and stir it up, besides making a great commotion on the surface. Sometimes a soul is so perpetually shaken by these little coils that it is quite distressing to look at. It gets by degrees into a floppy state that is not at all healthy. On the other hand, a soul in which there is never by any chance found a coil tires one by its imperturbability."

And this observation is both witty and true:—

Page 31:—"It sometimes happens in cases where the will cement is very weak that a deep soul may be changed into a surface soul, or *vice versâ*, by their surroundings. I once saw a deep soul made as flat and uninteresting as a pancake by being, so to speak, sat upon by other souls. And I have also seen a very promising surface soul buffeted and kicked into a very dull little deep soul. Both these souls might have turned out well if they had been let alone. As it was, they were completely spoilt."

There are also mixed souls which combine the points of the other two. The author gives a diagram of what she conceived Shakespeare's soul looked like—a diagram which gives no slight shock to the critic who had recognised with some diffidence that his own soul was mixed.

FOUR NOVELS.

1. A Cigarette-Maker's Romance. By F. Marion Crawford. Two Volumes. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.
2. Our Pleasant Vices. By Milner Macmaster. Three Volumes. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington. 1890.
3. Mademoiselle. By Frances Mary Peard. London: Walter Smith & Innes. 1890.
4. "The Greatest of These." By Evan May. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co. 1890.

Mr. Marion Crawford believes in the charm of variety; he tells us tales of many lands. His stay in India produced that remarkable book "Mr. Isaacs"; his Oriental studies gave us "Zoroaster"; "Dr. Claudius" took us from Germany to America; "The Tale of a Lonely Parish" dealt with life in an English village; the scenes of several of his romances have been laid in his favourite Italy; he knows all about Constantinople. The action of his last story, "A Cigarette-Maker's Romance," takes place at Munich.

And why has Mr. Crawford chosen to tell us a story about a cigarette-maker? He himself suggests the question in the opening words of his book: "The inner room of a tobacconist's shop is not perhaps the spot which the writer of fiction would naturally choose as the theatre of his play." We think the answer is to be found here, in the passage which we have quoted. Mr. Crawford has never been careful to do what the ordinary writer of fiction would naturally do. His books will hardly count as events in literary history, but he brings to the composition of them more originality and resource than are displayed in the works of average novelists. He knows that the readers of fiction desire to hear some new thing, and he is naturally willing to share with them any special knowledge which he may have, and which is not within the reach of the ordinary writer; he knows something of silver-work, and writes "Marzio's Crucifix"; he knows something of cigarette-making, and gives us the present romance. We think that the reason for his choice of scene lies in a desire to avoid conventional and hackneyed material; but in two or three pages of flat platitudes, which follow the quoted passage, he suggests another reason. Possibly he conceals his art.

The story is told in two volumes; the action of the story occupies rather more than thirty-six consecutive hours. The opening scene takes place late on Tuesday; the closing incidents occur on the morning of the following Thursday. To tell such a story at such a length without the use of padding, without seeming to crowd an unnatural number of incidents into the time, and without losing the reader's interest, demands considerable skill, and there is no doubt that Mr. Crawford is a skilful writer. When he muses at some length upon the insignificance of human affairs, or devotes one page and a half to an expansion of the statement that where there is a will there is a way, we own that we suspect padding; but the delusion from which the principal character suffers is distinctly interesting, and the incidents, though for the most part trivial, are not hackneyed. There are also—too rarely—flashes of Mr. Crawford's delightful humour. It is very far from being the author's best and most artistic work, but it is an interesting and readable book.

"Our Pleasant Vices" is a colonial story, occupying three very substantial volumes. It deals with a mystery. We are quite certain, as the author wishes us to be, that Miss Carlisle never stole the bank-notes. Her eyes "were changeful as an April sky—now tender, now mirthful, now seemingly defiant." She was tall and graceful. The author of the story obviously likes her very much; altogether, she was not at all the kind of girl to commit a disgracefu theft. Why, then, did a villain cause her to be suspected of having stolen the money? And who was the villain? It is only just to the author to say that the mystery is kept up well, and that it will take an exceptionally acute reader to explain everything until the author intends everything to be explained. If this were all—if the book merely possessed the mean and irritating quality of a fifteen puzzle—it could hardly be praised. But there is more skill shown in the construction of the story, more vigorous writing, more knowledge of character, and more dramatic power than are to be found in the common detective tale. We are afraid that it must rank as one of those very exciting stories; and yet it does not send a reader of average intelligence to sleep. On the contrary, although it is a long novel, there are very few points where it is quite easy for the reader to leave it.

"Mademoiselle" is a very simple and gentle little story. It deals with the horrors of war, with siege and capitulation, and with the terrors of the Commune; but it is never very realistic. The reviewer feels throughout that the author is sparing him, and does not wish his sleep to be disturbed by dreams of horrible sights and sounds. Some of it is very pretty and graceful, and the tone of all of it is excellent. It has no particular strength or originality—in fact, the author's manner is an acquired manner. But Mademoiselle is a pleasing character. Her kindness towards the other and lowlier heroine, the pluck and patriotism which she shows throughout the book, her noble and gentle nature, win a reader's affection. The book is not long enough to bore anybody. It would probably be read with pleasure by any young and average girl; but her old and average father might find it too slight and sketchy, and far too much like several other books, to afford him much enjoyment.

"The Greatest of These" is an Irish story. It is also a religious story. The characters may attempt to commit murder, but they may not say "divil a bit." Seeing that the story is so religious, one is surprised to find a wrong reference given to a quoted text. Such peculiarities as "docter," "protêgées," or "congê," may be due to the printer. Is the printer responsible, in a quotation from Matthew Arnold, for giving the emphasis of small capitals to one word which is not so emphasised in the common edition of the poems? These, however, are points of no great importance. Accuracy is not everything. The author's sympathy with the Irish people is good and real; and it is a good thing to detest absentee landlords, a policy of Coercion, or anything that is brutally cruel. But to write a story requires more than kind nature and honest intentions, although these are of distinct use. We are afraid that "The Greatest of These" is not on the whole a well-written book; it contains specimens of family badinage which can only be described as maddening, and a sketch of a certain beautiful and extraordinary child which would be pretty if it were not totally false. "The Greatest of These" has its good points, but it is not altogether a good novel.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

A LITTLE book on a great subject has just reached us, entitled "The World of Science." It is written by Mr. Elliot Steel, Science Master at the Bradford Grammar-School, and consists of eleven chapters, in which a valiant attempt is made to bring the mysteries of light, heat, sound, chemistry, botany, astronomy, geology, and other great branches of science within the comprehension of a child. Though of necessity these papers are extremely slight, it would scarcely be fair, we think, to call them superficial. The book is, indeed, not merely the outcome of good intentions, but of accurate knowledge, and that which does not always accompany it, the power to impart instruction with clearness and simplicity. Scattered through the text are a number of illustrations of a practical kind.

We presume that the "Handbook of Bible Difficulties," which the Rev. Robert Tuck has compiled, is chiefly intended for the enlightenment of Sunday-school teachers and village evangelists, and if this supposition is correct, the work may, on the whole, be commended. The literature of theology and Biblical criticism has increased greatly of recent years, and many of the problems which perplex half-educated but earnest students to-day are scarcely dealt with at all in older books of reference of a popular kind. The aim of the book is to explain a number of obscure passages in the Old and New Testament, as well as to grapple with common difficulties concerning inspiration, science, chronology, and the like. In most cases this is fairly well done, but Mr. Tuck weakens the book by the manner in which he quotes the opinions of third-rate authorities, side by side with the views of thoroughly competent scholars. In certain respects the volume is rather carelessly put together, and the reader ought to have had the opportunity of verifying the quotations which are introduced into the book. It is not enough to be informed that Professor Drummond "says," or Dr. Jowett "points out," but unfortunately this vague method of quotation prevails throughout the book. It is only right to add, however, that the work contains cues from all quarters on a variety of modern problems in faith and morals; at the same time the arguments cited are indifferently welded together, and we are more impressed by Mr. Tuck's industry as a compiler than by his ability as a commentator.

A good many people are under the impression that the old apprenticeship system has fallen into desuetude, but such is by no means the case. Lads still apprentice themselves, in all parts of England, to different trades, and disputes not unfrequently arise owing to an imperfect comprehension on both sides of the legal rights and duties involved. Hitherto, there has not been any handy book of reference on the subject, and therefore Dr. Austin has done good service by compiling the present manual on "The Law relating to Apprentices." In concise form the book covers the whole field, and deals with all practical points springing out of these contracts. It appears that by the common law of England masters have no right to dismiss their unruly apprentices, even in cases of gross misconduct; the indenture, Dr. Austin says, between the lad's parent, surety, or guardian on the one hand, and the master on the other, must expressly stipulate for such power. The apprenticeship system sprang out of the necessity for skilled labour in the mechanical trades and pursuits of the Middle Ages, but the first allusion in the Statute-book to the institution occurs midway in the reign of Richard II.—in other words, about two hundred years after trade-guilds were established in England. This useful book contains an interesting chapter on the privileges and duties of City apprentices, bound according to the "custom of London," and besides a number of illustrative cases, in the volume will also be found a digest of the Statutes which relate to the matter.

If any fresh illustration is needed of the familiar saying that truth is stranger than fiction, it may be found in Mr. Lansdowne's "Reminiscences of Scotland Yard." The author began his police experiences as an ordinary constable, and after passing through almost every grade in the Metropolitian Police Force, eventually became a detective, and spent twenty years of his life in that capacity at Scotland Yard. He states that he can, at all events, claim for the score of stories from real life which make up the book that they are true, and also that they have not hitherto appeared in print. Mr. Lansdowne admits that the circumstances surrounding the arrest of many of the three hundred prisoners entered to his credit in the archives at Scotland Yard were commonplace and uninteresting, and therefore, like a sensible man, he refuses to dwell on what he terms "low deeds of blood, and sordid crimes." He prefers to tell us about strange disappearances, anonymous letters, lady burglars, mysterious trunks, and artful knaves who led the authorities a pretty dance before they received the due reward of their deeds. It seems it is a popular fallacy to imagine that a detective must of necessity be a man of mystery, a sort of wily comedian, able to play half a dozen parts, with equal ease, in one day, and to put all sorts and conditions of men, without an effort, off their guard. Genius in every profession is rare, and Scotland Yard, even in this year of grace, is not too liberally endowed with it. Mr. Lansdowne's stories, however, display, though not in too dazzling a form, tact, shrewdness, promptitude, and resource, and they are told in these crisply written pages in a realistic and entertaining manner. Not the least interesting portion of the book are the reminiscences of old Scotland Yard, and of one of its vanished celebrities, from whom Dickens drew his famous picture of Inspector Bucket.

Teneriffe as a health resort is rapidly coming into favour, and therefore Mr. Strettell's brief account of his recent twenty months' residence in the island is not an unwelcome addition to our knowledge of the subject. The little volume is written with more candour and less gush than a good many other books which profess to describe the chief "health resorts" of these latter days. Optimists and pessimists have both expressed themselves rather freely on the virtues or the reverse of Teneriffe, and Mr. Strettell endeavours, with quite judicial impartiality, to take a middle course. The climate of the Fortunate Islands is warmer and more equable than that of the Riviera, and less humid than that of Madeira, but Orotava is by no means the "rainless paradise" which some enthusiasts have described. Teneriffe is a delightful spot for jaded professional and business men, who wish to enjoy a quiet holiday amid magnificent scenery, but those who require an abundance of creature comforts, to say nothing of careful nursing, had better think twice before they determine to winter in the island. Mr. Strettell points out very clearly what requires to be done before Teneriffe can be safely recommended to invalids, who go there with no special knowledge of the place as a haven of refuge from the harsh rigour of an English winter; at the same time, the book is not written in by any means an unfriendly spirit; the natural charms and superb climate of the spot are not overlooked in these frank and sensible pages.

Now that amateur photography has become a fashionable craze, and even young ladies are scarcely equipped for a country ramble without a camera, we are not surprised to find that Mr. Wall's little dictionary of the art has gone rapidly into a second edition. The arrangement of the book is admirable, the information it contains has been brought up to date, and is expressed in clear and concise terms. The book has been carefully revised, and Mr. Wall has evidently availed himself of the suggestions made to him since the first appearance of the volume by many practical workers in photography.

A thoroughly practical "Manual of Wood-Carving" has just reached us. In twenty lessons, Mr. Leland—an American educational reformer, who until recently was Superintendent of the Industrial Art School of Philadelphia—explains all that any ordinary student is likely to require at each successive stage of his progress in the art. Like a sensible man, Mr. Leland begins at the beginning, with a description of different kinds of woods and tools. Amongst the subjects to which attention is called in this admirably illustrated volume are indenting and stamping, gouge-work, flat patterns, free-hand carving, the application of the sweep-cut to higher relief, sunk carving, spot cutting, and the like. In an appendix a long and attractive list of "objects for wood-carving" will be found, and some of these designs are as ingenious as they are graceful.

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* THE WORLD OF SCIENCE. By R. Elliot Steel, M.A., F.R.G.S., F.C.S. Illustrated. London: Methuen & Co., 18, Bury Street. Royal 8vo. (2s. 6d.)

A HANDBOOK OF SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY BIBLE DIFFICULTIES. Edited by Robert Tuck, M.A. London: Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row. Demy 8vo. (7s. 6d.)

THE LAW RELATING TO APPRENTICES. By Evans Austin, M.A., LL.D. London: Reeves & Turner, 100, Chancery Lane. Demy 8vo. (12s.)

A LIFE'S REMINISCENCES OF SCOTLAND YARD. By Andrew Lansdowne, Detective-Inspector, late of the Criminal Investigation Department, Metropolitan Police. London: Leadenhall Press. Crown 8vo.

TENERIFFE: PERSONAL EXPERIENCES OF THE ISLAND AS A HEALTH RESORT. By George W. Strettell. London: T. Fisher Unwin, Paternoster Square. 12mo. (1s.)

A DICTIONARY OF PHOTOGRAPHY. By E. J. Wall. Second Edition, Revised. London: Hazell, Watson & Viney, 1, Creed Lane, Ludgate Hill. Royal 8vo. (2s. 6d.)

A MANUAL OF WOOD-CARVING. By Charles G. Leland, F.R.L.S., M.A. Revised by John J. Holtzaffel. Illustrated. London: Whittaker & Co., Paternoster Square. Royal 8vo.

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